



# messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 26 – Number 12

April 2009

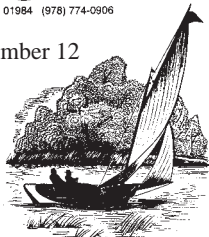
**Special Features This Issue**  
Kokopelli 2008 – A Week in Kerala  
Sailing to the Dry Tortugas  
Cabin Clam Skiff *Grinder*  
Illustrated Boats for Sale List 1903



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## Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



An "Op Ed" page appears opposite in this issue. It's not a frequent occasion for me to devote such a page to a reader's letter. Kevin Harding was prompted to write about keeping our boating simple as the ongoing downrush into the maelstrom of economic collapse accelerates, a topic I discussed here in the January issue. Now, after three months of continuing and accelerating economic collapse since I wrote that column, I continue to view what's happening as the implacable coming of a permanent change in our collective "quality of life" from the past few decades of ever upscaling our aspirations fueled with uncontrolled debt at every level of our lives. Kevin suggests, as have others (and I endorse the view), that our relatively low cost, modest level of messing about in boats is the way that will be affordable in the coming years. Simplicity will survive, over-the-top consumer consumption will not.

This page is sandwiched between a cover depicting two youths savoring their first life experience of the delights of simplicity and Kevin's remarks about the merits of simplicity from the outlook of "old age" at 60 years. In between is where probably most of you reside, those years when aspirations for bigger and better run rampant in all our lives. Kevin and I, and those of you who share our "old age" years, went through all that but now those amongst our elderly cohort who depend on retirement investments that are melting down (they are on TV news every night!) to support the lifestyle to which they became accustomed, may be facing serious downsizing. And the emerging youth pictured on the cover will be facing a future with much more limited opportunities for fulfillment of their aspirations.

Well, for them that's maybe not all that bad. I was a child of three when the Great Depression of the '30s hit bottom and my father (a Yale man) lost his job and had to flee with his young family of four to an aunt's farm for survival. He was not amongst the 25% unemployed, he had a job running a dairy farm alone for his aunt for \$10 a week, a cottage to live in, and produce to eat grown on the farm. He had Sunday afternoons off. I was unaware that life was hard.

When he was able to find a job driving a milk truck (not a skill learned at Yale) he

bought the small old farm (where I still live today) in 1937 with help from his father and two mortgages. I was old enough then to assume daily chores tending to the flock of 200 chickens he invested in and a "herd" of three cows, income from which he used to pay off the mortgages in eight years. I imagine many of my contemporaries reading this had similar experiences.

Well, the experience didn't hurt me, which is why I think today's youth having to face up to the limitations they will be facing as they grow up will not be necessarily a bad experience. I had daily chores from age eight, worked summers and weekends from age 14 for others for income intended for college, paid my way through engineering school (Northeastern University in Boston using their co-op work program) supported by my family with free room and board at home. I went right to work in my field, married, started a family, bought this house I still live in, and then tossed away all the security rubbish at age 30 to go into publishing a magazine, something I had no training for. I'm still doing this 50 years later and plan to continue on until I drop.

My dad dreamed of owning a boat in his college years in the go-go '20s, his old textbooks have drawings on the flyleaves of those plumb stemmed cabin cruisers of the wealthy. The Great Depression ended all that, it was 30 years later (1963) before he finally got his dream boat, a 19' Century inboard. He enjoyed a long (28 years) retirement in his long since paid for home, his long since paid for summer cabin in New Hampshire's White Mountains and a series of cash paid for inboard runabouts on New Hampshire's Lake Winnesquam (remember "On Golden Pond"?). No "credit" problems for him ever.

All this family background prepared me for the downsized life we have always lived and will continue to be able to live. We have never "made money" in 50 years of mom and pop publishing but always made a living and continue to do so as our 80s loom up. Kevin's letter expressing a similar viewpoint on the merits of simplicity was reassuring, perhaps we'll all weather the changeover to simpler times by having already positioned ourselves for them and be able to continue comfortably messing about in our affordable small boats.

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## On the Cover...

A first adventure afloat about to begin for two young men of 12 in a boat one had a hand in building himself. Owen Crosby Morris tells us about this in this issue in "Today Was a Great Day."

I've considered writing this article for quite some time and decided the economic times were now appropriate. Those of us who are enthusiastic about boating know full well that it can be an obsessive and expensive enterprise. With financial resources stretched for many, it may well be time to downsize and keep things simple.

I have owned many boats in my 60 years. I believe the total is 17 but I may have forgotten a few. I still have six boats in the fleet. Over the years I built several boats ranging from two simple prams and kayaks to a stripper canoe and rebuilt two small sailboats and a runabout. Of course, several boats were given away, most were sold, and one was run over by a jeep. But why would anyone own so many boats?

The tale of building, buying, and repairing boats has always been in pursuit of a boat that would fulfill the next dream. The good news is that my limited means kept most of the dreams modest but the dreams did keep evolving. Perhaps my first love was just getting out on the water and a simple rowboat or pram did the job, but like many I wanted more and soon caught the sailing bug. I went from several small "toy" boats to a sailing surf dory that in many ways fulfilled my sailing ambitions. But even a wooden sailboat that was only 18' long required a mooring, a motor, and significant maintenance.

My big mistake was sitting down one evening and figuring out the hourly cost of sailing. As William Buckley once wrote, "Sailing is like standing in the shower tearing up \$100 bills." Of course, my little boat was not that bad but it did seem like a financial extravagance. More importantly, the time required to do the maintenance on the boat, trailer, and sails was time I was not out on the water. In addition, I live almost two hours from the coast and the driving back and forth was a burden. There were many days that I listened carefully to the forecast only to get to the coast to find there was no wind or too much wind to enjoy the day.

I realized that it was time to downsize, so the largest boat I ever owned was sold and smaller boating dreams took hold. I took up

## Op Ed Page

### Keep it Simple

By Kevin Harding

rowing and kayaking and renewed my interest in canoeing. The benefits of healthful exercise and ease of throwing a boat on my vehicle was refreshing. No trailer to maintain or register, no boat registration, no gasoline, and almost no boat maintenance. I was on the water instead of repacking wheel bearings, sanding, or painting.

But time moved on and my wife surprised me by encouraging me to get a small motorboat to fish from for our 25th anniversary and I was back in the business of dealing with a motor and trailer, but this time the boat lived on a lake just a stone's throw away and it was fiberglass.

Then my mother died and left me a little money and my financial advisor told me to go buy something I would never ordinarily buy before I made any investments. So I bought another wooden boat, only this time it was a glorious wood and canvas canoe that I could easily carry. My mother would have been proud.

Then I got the sailing bug again. It is really like a disease that will not go away despite avoiding marinas, sailing magazines, and friends with sailboats. I bought a 14' abused Cape Dory that looked like it would work as a lightweight daysailer with a single sail, rowing station, and fiberglass hull. It was inexpensive but it needed a great deal of work. The rebuilding project was fun, challenging, and costly. There was the new centerboard, the new sail, the delaminated stern, and assorted other issues. I gave in and bought an electric motor when I realized that rowing with a mast, boom, and sail in the way was impossible. As it turned out the boat did not sail well and it was cramped and uncomfortable. The winds on our mountain lake were nothing like the steady ocean breezes.

I had learned a lesson yet again and the boat was sold.

But what is the lesson here? Shouldn't I follow my dreams and keep building, buying, and selling boats? The sailing bug bit me again when a friend gave me a used 14' Javelin with sails that were in great shape and a hull that needed only a modest amount of work. Who would ever turn down a free boat! I enjoyed the repair work and looked forward once again to sailing. The boat needed a small motor to get out into the main lake, my trailer needed some modification, the rigging needed some replacement, and there was a mast that was a bear to step single-handed. But in the end all the small problems were solved and the boat was launched only to wake me up once again that I had fallen for a dream. Sixty-year-old men don't fit well in small boats really designed for teenagers. No matter what I tried, my back just could not hack it. So... I got smart and gave the boat back.

I think I have finally arrived. Yes, I still have six boats but they are all easily maintained, all but one are for paddling or rowing, and all but one are easily cartopped. The motorboat gets trailered only once a year half a mile to the lake and left there for the season.

I now have some rules for myself to guide my continuing obsession with boats:

Rule 1: If I don't use the boat, get rid of it.

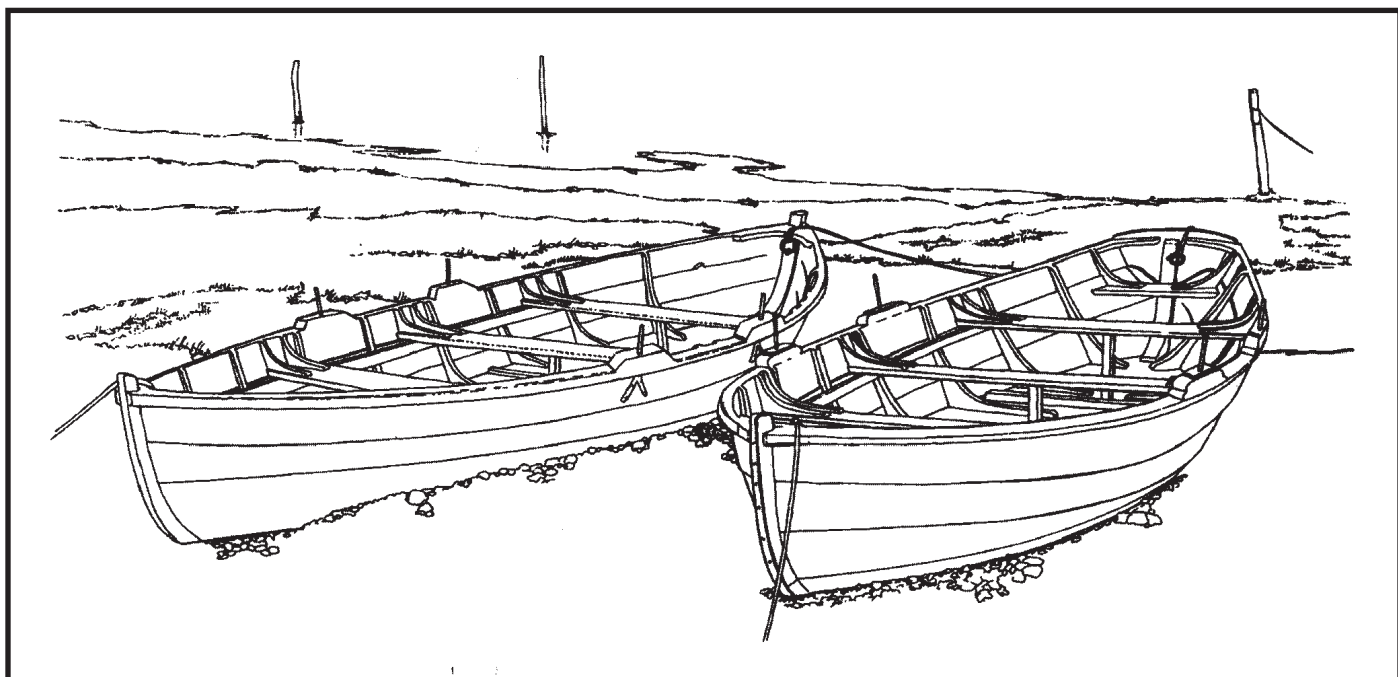
Rule 2: If the maintenance becomes a burden, get rid of it.

Rule 3: If I don't have a convenient place to use the boat, get rid of it.

Rule 4: If I have to worry about the cost of the boat, get rid of it.

Rule 5: If my aging body won't let me enjoy the boat, get rid of it.

I suppose an unlimited budget would make most, if not all, of these rules irrelevant but most of us simply cannot afford a hobby that is an extravagance. For many of us in this fragile economy it is time to be realistic and downsize without giving up quality time on the water. Bigger is not necessarily better and small boats may actually mean more fun time on the water. The bottom line is that boating should be affordable, fun, comfortable, and above all simple.

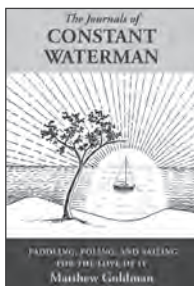




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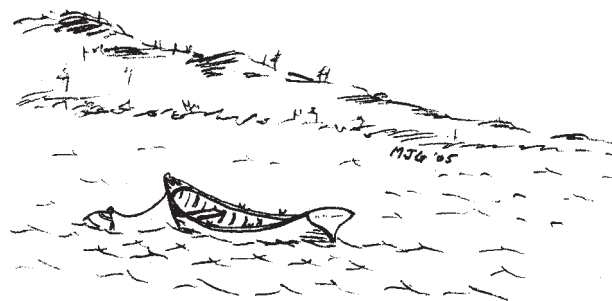


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## From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

On our way to Guantanamo Bay, the crew took gunnery practice. Our repair ship was nearly thirty years old, a relic of World War II. We sported a couple of 5" guns, mostly for use against aircraft, or perhaps as paperweights. Compared with the rapid-fire cannons now in use, we might just as well have had a pair of muzzle loading twenty-four pounders aboard.

The crew limbered up the foredeck gun, fiddled with the little elevator that brought shells up from the magazine until it worked smoothly, then stationed a couple of powder monkeys down in the hold for passing ammunition. Fifteen men form the gunnery crew for a 5"/38: a pointer and a trainer, each seated on the turret; the gun captain and his second-in-command, the rammerman; also one gunnersmate, sight setter, sight checker, fuse setter and hoistman. Before the advent of cartridges, two powdermen and four projectilemen would have completed the complement. I doubt we had more than ten men on our gun.

Then they sent out a boat crew to set the target adrift: a 55-gallon drum. The ship hove to a mile away and the lads had a fine time, banging away and giving a dozen rounds a sniff of fresh air. Fortunately, they didn't harm the drum any. It would have been a shame to waste the taxpayers's money. In those days, a drum like that cost four bucks. Fortunately, Uncle Fidel didn't send a squadron against us.

When we arrived in Cuba, we tied up at a long pier at the U.S. Navy base. Between ourselves and the shore were a couple of hundred yards of pier undergoing repair. A chunk of the steel and masonry deck, 6' thick and 3'-4" wide, had been shorn away for maybe a tenth of a mile. It didn't look pretty.

"What happened?" we asked.

"Oh," they said, "some bright young commander brought in a 'tin can', a destroyer. One of them big Forrest Sherman Class boats: 400', 3,000 tons. Nearly backed her down in time to make a respectable landing. You think the pier looks bad, you shudda seen the 'tin can'."

"Where's the commander, now?" we enquired.

"Oh, they shipped his butt out," they told us. "Sent him ta Alaska and issued him a broom. While he's waitin' ta get his twenty in, his job is ta clear the snow from the Arctic Circle."

Across the pier from us lay a missile cruiser, over 500' of potent menace. One morning I climbed the ladder to our boat deck and looked down at them having their target practice. But they didn't loose any projectiles. They couldn't even be bothered to set out a target. Maybe they couldn't afford to waste four dollars.

This was my first exposure to modern warfare. They hadn't a crew in sight. Somewhere, snug below, someone sat at a computerized console with the inevitable cup of coffee and pushed buttons. On their main deck stood a raised hatch secured with a pair of doors. In less time than it takes to read this sentence, the doors flew open and a twin rocket launcher thrust up out of the hold, whirled and elevated till it homed in on its theoretical target and then...stopped. The following instant, two Terrier missiles could have been deployed.

The anachronism of a sailor, holding an 80 pound 5" shell while he waited for the breech to open and another man to catch the ejected casing, should have been laughable, had not the nation's security been involved.

Of course, our ship would never go off to war. Modern vessels with modern weapons had long since joined the fleet. In two years aboard, I never saw that gun fired but the once. But it made us, the crew, feel infinitely better.

If a dragon came flying over our ship, we knew there was someone willing to risk the uttermost embarrassment for the sake of our defense. I'm talking about our bosun's mate with the crossbow.

*Something else to read at anchor...*

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# You write to us about...

## Activities & Events...

### About Boating Safely

About Boating Safely is a beginner's boating class that will provide the knowledge needed to obtain a boating safety certificate. It may even qualify for a discount on boat insurance. Massachusetts Youth Boating Certificate is also offered at no additional charge.

Topics covered include: Boating Laws, Safety Equipment, Navigation Rules, Boating Problems, and more. The course will meet at the Marblehead, Massachusetts, High School, second floor lecture hall, on Tuesday evenings from 7-9pm beginning April 7 and running until May 19. Registration will be at 6:30pm on April 7 before the first class. The cost of this course is \$30, which includes texts.

These classes are sponsored by the Marblehead Flotilla of the US Coast Guard Auxiliary and are taught by certified instructors. The USCG Auxiliary is a civilian public service organization dedicated to boating safety and education. Learn how to be a safe boater, get ready for the boating season. For more information please call (781) 599-7444 or log onto [www.a0130403.uscgaux.info/](http://www.a0130403.uscgaux.info/)

Gary Cordette, Marblehead, MA

### Two Events at Pleasant Beach

The Pleasant Beach Hotel and Restaurant, a historic waterfront destination in Fair Haven, New York, since 1910, is hosting two new boating events this year. The first, on June 6, a quiet boating day, will highlight inexpensive small wind and human powered craft. Owners of canoes, kayaks, and small sailboats are invited to Fair Haven's first spring season "messabout." There will be food, drink, and plenty of chances to test drive, compare, cross pollinate, and generally socialize about little boats. The general public is also welcome. Boatless folks can attend a sailing seminar with Silver Waters Sailing instructor Susan Gateley or can learn about sliding seat rowing and various types of paddling craft, sit-on-tops, sea kayaks, cruising canoes, and inflatables.

The second is the Wooden Boat Fest on September 13. Sail, power, large and small, old and new wooden boats of various types and sizes will be on display at the dock and on shore at the Pleasant Beach grounds. Last year's show had everything from 14' rowing skiffs to a 50' Sea Scout schooner. There were classic mahogany speed boats and homebuilt sailboats and the organizers expect more boats and at least as much variety this year. This is a non-judgemental, informal aggregation, not a formal show.

For more information contact either Susan Gateley at (315) 594-1906, [www.silverwaters.co](http://www.silverwaters.co) or the Pleasant Beach Hotel and Restaurant at (315) 947-5399. See websites at [www.pleasantbeach.com](http://www.pleasantbeach.com) and [www.silverwaters.com](http://www.silverwaters.com) for more information.

### Working Waterfront at Clearwater Festival

The Clearwater Festival (Great Hudson River Revival) will take place at Croton Point Park, Westchester County, New York, June 20 and 21. This is a year for Hudson River anniversaries: 400th of documented European exploration, 90th of Pete Seeger, and

40th of *Clearwater*. The festival continues to be a spectacular celebration with solar powered stages, diverse performance arts, crafts, environmental exhibits, food, and Working Waterfront. The focus is the Hudson River. Working Waterfront is an ongoing feature of the Revival. We are planning many activities to get people on the water in small boats. *Clearwater*, founded on the water, wants to make festival attendees aware of our roots.

Working Waterfront will present representative vessels for visits and use. These boats are traditional and contemporary vessels, all active in historical, recreational, or commercial service. The boats and the grand sloop *Clearwater* will be on the Hudson River, some with scheduled sails. A fleet of small boats will be available in which to mess about, a major Waterfront feature that gives owners, builders, and users of small boats a chance to meet and swap rides and stories. The public attending our festival will be invited to join in boats on the water. The intimacy of being on the water and working or playing with small boats draws people into a natural environmental advocacy.

If you desire to participate on the water with your boat or with an on shore boat oriented demonstration, contact us.

Stan Dickstein, (845) 462-3113, [dickstein@vh.net](mailto:dickstein@vh.net), Eric Russell, (917) 446-5414, or the Hudson River Sloop *Clearwater*, (845) 454-7673, [volcorder@clearwater.org](mailto:volcorder@clearwater.org)

### Vintage Craft Wanted

The Passaic River Boat Club in northern New Jersey, as part of its efforts to bring back recreational boating to the lower Passaic River, is embarking on an initiative to celebrate the rich maritime history of this local waterway. As part of this initiative, which includes local historical groups, we are interested in acquiring through donation any vintage watercraft (most likely wooden) that could be used as part of our evolving historical effort to educate and showcase the river's maritime history to the public in our area. These watercraft would ultimately be an integral part of a future project event now being considered, the Passaic River Maritime Heritage Festival. No project boats please, but some TLC OK. Trailerable preferred. The club plans on using these boats on the water! More details available:

Ed Marchese, Clifton, NJ, (973) 779-6283, [n2te@yahoo.com](mailto:n2te@yahoo.com)

## Adventures & Experiences...

### 20th Anniversary of My Melonseed Skiff

February 14, 1989 (Valentine's Day), was the beginning of this journey. The day was gray, relatively windless, mostly uninspiring, but uncharacteristically warm for mid-February and that warmth was the motivator for the event.

My Melonseed #1 was recently completed and ready to be introduced to the world at the upcoming New England Boat Show in Boston a week later. We knew a great deal about how well the prototype, the old rebuilt wooden Melonseed sailed, but could only guess about performance of our first production model. For a year and a half our Mel-

onseed skiff had been a journey of emotion, inspiration, financial sacrifice, the combined design and engineering efforts of my employee and good friend John Diethofer and I, and most of all a leap of faith the likes of which I had never taken before.

In spite of the fact that the new Melonseed was finished, clean, shiny, and ready for the boat show, the opportunity to see how she matched up against the great performance of the prototype was more than I could resist. We rounded up a small crew of friends and cameras, loaded the two Melonseeds on trailers, and headed off to nearby Scituate Harbor for a test sail.

Anticipation, excitement, a bit of self doubt, nervousness, the list of emotions I felt at that time and their intensity is still fresh in my memory. With only a modest ceremony, but with my heart full of hope, she slipped gracefully into the water and the journey began. It is quite a moment in one's life to set dreams afloat and wait to see which way the winds of fate will blow them.

The wind was very light but right away it was obvious that the new version of the Melonseed outsailed the older one. We sailed the two boats back and forth and around in circles close to the seawall and friends took dozens of photos to document the moment (I'm sure I have them, but know not where). While it was warm for February, it was not "warm" and so the little adventure lasted only hour or so.

There's a term that surfers use when things are just so good that the feelings are beyond the range of any combination of complex adjectives, and it's called "stoked." My Crawford Melonseed Skiff sailed every bit as well as I hoped and I was truly stoked!

Saturday, February 14, 2009, Valentines Day, was the 20th anniversary of my version of the Melonseed Skiff. Twenty years, 425 Melonseeds, hundreds of happy sailors, I am still stoked, and best of all I am still in love. That day's project in the boat shop was to finish off a beautiful black Melonseed to be shown in the same boat show two decades later.

To those of you who have shared this journey with me, particularly those who have made so many wonderful contributions to the success of the boat, I will be eternally grateful and I thank you.

Roger Crawford, Crawford Boatbuilding, Marshfield, MA

### Only Memories

At 87 I am now at the time of life when I have only memories about my messing about in boats. I was into my 80s when I gave up running my Sunfish up on Great East Lake. For some few years I had been saying that if I capsized the boat and could not get back aboard and sail it away it would be time to sell the boat. After going a few years without dumping the boat I finally decided I was not going to wait until I was tested and finally decided to sell. It has been a pleasure to know that the fellow who bought the boat is now one of the most ardent sailors at the Lake Forest Lake Resort area on Great East Lake.

My first days of small boating began when my father made me a boat when I was about 10 or 11 years old. I suspect that I helped a bit. My father made arrangements to keep the flat-bottomed boat at a place on Green Street near Smelt Rock on the Bass River. My friends and I early learned when we rowed out to Beverly Harbor to fish to plan to take ad-



vantage of the tide when heading home. At dead low tide the section where the boat was kept was pretty much a mud bank with only a trickle of water to make a channel. I can still picture two of us struggling to push the boat over the mud to get it afloat.

An anecdote I wish to share is taken from my story, "From Beverly, Massachusetts, to Buckner Bay and Back." It relates the recreation we had at Eniwetok Atoll in WWII rowing one of the lifeboats we had aboard. Dick Fanning from Marblehead, Massachusetts, and I took it out quite a few times for exercise or just for something to do, the only ones to do so. Beverly and Marblehead had a long-standing argument over which was the birthplace of the American Navy and Dick and I used to kid around about it. It struck us as somewhat strange that we were the only sailors aboard that took advantage of using that ancient way of propulsion.

Dick Berg, Rochester, NH

## Information Wanted...

### Origin of *Swan*

I am seeking information on the origin (builder, etc) of my sailboat *Swan*. She was built for the Naval Academy about 1940 and sold off as surplus in the 1950s. There was a fleet of them, all named after sea birds. Mine probably has the hull of *Tern* with the rigging and sails of *Swan*. She is 26'x7'x4.5', sloop rigged with iron ballast. When I bought her in 1969 she was stored in Story's yard in Essex, Massachusetts.

Someday I'll write the stories of sailing her from Manchester to Essex every fall. It was always an adventure, especially through the Blynman Canal in Gloucester with no engine, her 5hp Seagull fouled by marsh hay. I've acquired a picture of the fleet of these boats taken at Annapolis, probably in the 1940s. There are also photos of them being sailed by midshipmen around 1950 in Academy yearbooks. Other than these, the Academy has found no record of them, after many inquiries. Perhaps readers can help.

David Kelland, 884 Massachusetts Ave, Lexington, MA 02420, dkelland@juno.com



## Information of Interest...

### Iceboating on Newfound Lake

Here's a photo of bygone iceboating on New Hampshire's Newfound Lake. Scary amount of canvas on that boat!

Jeff Hillier, North Hampton, NH



## Opinions...

### The Ultimate Camp Cruise

I highly recommend reading A.J. MacKinnon's *The Unlikely Voyage of Jack de Crow*, the ultimate camp cruise! It's a book I just could not put down, you'll like it, sailor or not.

Bill McCullom, Boxford, MA

## Projects...

### Canoe Designer Responds

I've recently received letters from a few readers responding to my letter published in the February issue ("Designing My Own Sailing Canoe"). As someone who has never amounted to anything but a "messenger" in boats, I was surprised and flattered.

Though I've never had a boat of my own (as a serious messenger about, most of my sails have been strictly bummed from others) my interest in boat design and theory of boat design has grown to the point where it demands action, hence my project of figuring out the tectonics of the matter and developing an experimental, high performance design of my own.

Since I wrote I have managed to come up with some possible answers to my questions, partly by plaguing individuals with bonafide credentials and partly from the rafted up flotsam of a lifetime's learning.

If you think readers would be interested in a follow-up on those and future puzzlers, I'd be glad to send them in. I have a feeling that any responses I'd get would be better guidance than most of what I've found so far in the academic literature. This seems still to be very much a word-of-mouth science. I will say, though, that one book I've found very illuminating is *Principles of Yacht Design* by Lars Larsson and Roff Eliasson.

The big unanswered question in my mind through all of this remains why it is that boats can be so much more visually satisfying than buildings, the object of my own profession, when part of our agenda as architects is to make poetic statements through static objects, while the shape of a boat has nothing at all to do with "expressing" anything, only slipping elegantly through an obstacle course of physical forces. Architecture has been called frozen music and extending the metaphor, sailing craft might be viewed as liberated architecture.

Paul Yager, Cambridge, MA, p\_yager@verizon.net

### Latest Kayaks

Here are photos of my latest kayaks. The Mill Creek 13 tracks straight but I must wrestle it up onto my van. The other is just 8' long and I attached a skeg at the stern to help it track straight. I built it to fit inside my van and use it the most.

Bob McAuley, Woodridge, IL



### Houseboat Project

My design for my little Small World easily portable houseboat dream project is now in its final configuration after five years. I built a 4' scale model and water tested it with scaled weights representing people on-board and it was very stable afloat. I've not gotten around to building the full size prototype, which I figure would take at most a month to build, perhaps with help only two weeks.

I'd like to meet someone interested in working with me on this within 200 miles of my Boone, North Carolina, home, preferably living near a lake or river or even a large pond. My 1991 Ford Escort is aging (as am I at 82!) and might not reliably make a longer trip. I will need a small room in which to live while we are building the boat.

I figure it would need only about \$500 worth of materials (which I will front the money for) and should sell for \$1,000 when completed (or maybe \$2,000 or more). Upon selling it we'd split the profit. Being on or near the water for demonstrating it for sale would be highly desirable. This coming summer or fall would suit me best for this cooperative project.

Walter Head, 1178 Laurel Fork Rd, Vidas, NC 28692

### More Testing of My Ideas

I recently visited family in Scituate, Massachusetts, and had a chance to test a little catboat model, which I had changed to a deeper keel, at the snow-covered beach there. Well, it kept on its feet but mine were so cold so that the trial was very brief, the wind strong, and the van's engine gauge never warmed up past cold.

Earlier on a day with little surf at Newcastle (Delaware) I tried it out but the waves rolled it over, and tests then carried out in a parking lot puddle confirmed that severe reefing would be required. A newspaper photographer took pictures, one was published showing it under full sail before it capsized

and not after I had rolled in a reef on the boom, with which it then sailed OK, but it needed a deeper keel. I deepened it before I took it to Scituate.

My effort with this catboat design is to build one that will fit inside my van with all but the two front seats removed. With children and grandchildren all having their own cars now I should have done this long ago. I visited an auto dealer to look at new vans and found they have less interior room than my old one. It seems to me, though, that a small boat of not too much depth could be slung inside from straps from the roof. Now that I'm 80 I don't much care to hoist my boat to the van rooftop.

I have a partly completed little model of a flat bottom, tumble home sided, Dutch lee-board craft that I haven't yet put a rig on, or the leeboards, but it is clear to me that with fixed boards and rudder it could sail on ice better than I did on my first tryout ice skating!

I'm too impatient to build more elaborate models to see how my ideas would work out, but if anyone has ideas on building test models simpler than my carved out hulls with glued on decks, ballasted with lead and rigged with plastic sails, let me know. I do think I need to replace my three-speed fan and dishpan of water testing site with a leaf blower outside.

Now that I have given away all my plastic boats to the needy I have room for more building. My plans include covering an Inuit kayak frame from last summer and recovering a kayak built for a young grandson now near graduation from high school, as well as building the catboat and its sail rig.

I also hope to make a third generation bicycle sail rig with the idea of pumping uphill back and forth into the wind with, this time, a balanced rig, one sail forward and the other aft linked up. I appreciated your rig pictured last February in *MAIB*, I hope you try some more. The plastic film sold at Lowe's should make even better sails using clear packaging tape for seams than the ones I've sewn of nylon necessarily full bellied.

In an ideal world for wind-powered bicycling it would be nice if the roadsides had a good fetch of wind with curved billboards to direct the wind onto the sails of my bike, which should have sailing priority right of way unless no wind meant get out of the way. With bridge clearance of 14' it seems to me that a bald headed type schooner rig would be best.

But now it's back to the Academy of Lifelong Learning and some more of my ideas will just have to wait for more favorable puddles.

Jim Hodges, Wilmington, DE

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## In Memoriam...

Charles H. Jones III

1929-2008

**Charles H. Jones III**, 79, husband of Jessie D. "Jill" Jones of Auburn, Maine, died December 15 in the Central Maine Medical Center, Lewiston, following a brief illness.

Born in Boston, Massachusetts, June 2, 1929, he was raised in Cohasset, Massachusetts, and was a 1948 graduate of Milton Academy. He continued his education at Dartmouth, graduating in 1952 after a five-year program that included an MBA from the Tuck School. He enlisted in the US Army and was stationed in Berlin during the early years of the Cold War where he served as the editor of the military newspaper *The Berlin Observer*. Following his honorable discharge he returned to Cohasset and worked for Bostonian Shoe, the company his grandfather had founded. Moving to Monmouth, Maine, in the early 1970s he continued his involvement with Bostonian, supervising the Maine factories. In his retirement he enjoyed his next ten years of employment crafting furniture at Thomas Moser Cabinetmakers of Auburn. He will be remembered as the creator of the Cherry Chuggers, miniature wooden cars sold at Moser showrooms.

As a young man he was an avid blue water sailor, a longtime member of the Cohasset Yacht Club and the Blue Water Sailing Club. Following his relocation to Maine his passion for being on the water evolved into the sport of sea kayaking. He enjoyed paddling amongst the islands of mid-coastal Maine, with many trips to Matinicus and Monhegan which became

yearly traditions with friends and family. He was an enthusiastic and competitive kayak racer, competing as recently as last July's Moxie Festival Androscoggin River Race.

A memorial paddle will be held this summer on the waters of Penobscot Bay.

**Editor Comments:** Charlie (also known as Chuck) Jones was an early contributor to our pages, beginning in the March 1, 1984 issue with a cover story of his circumnavigation of Monhegan Island, 12 miles off the Maine coast in a battered 13' whitewater kayak. Sea conditions were intimidating enough to persuade him to abandon plans to paddle over the 12 miles of open ocean from the mainland to do the circumnavigation, instead he took the ferry over.

In subsequent years with more suitable kayaks and experience he made a number of annual trips to Monhegan and to Matinicus, even further out to sea, with like-minded paddlers. He often urged me to join him but I was intimidated by the scale of that open ocean crossing with what I felt were my inadequate paddling skills.

I did join him in 1987 for a pioneering paddle through the Cape Cod Canal, a waterway closed to all non-motorized craft by its proprietors, the US Army Corps of Engineers. As a tribute to the sort of guy he was, who went after whatever he wanted undeterred by obstacles, I thought I'd reprint my report on that outing on the following pages.

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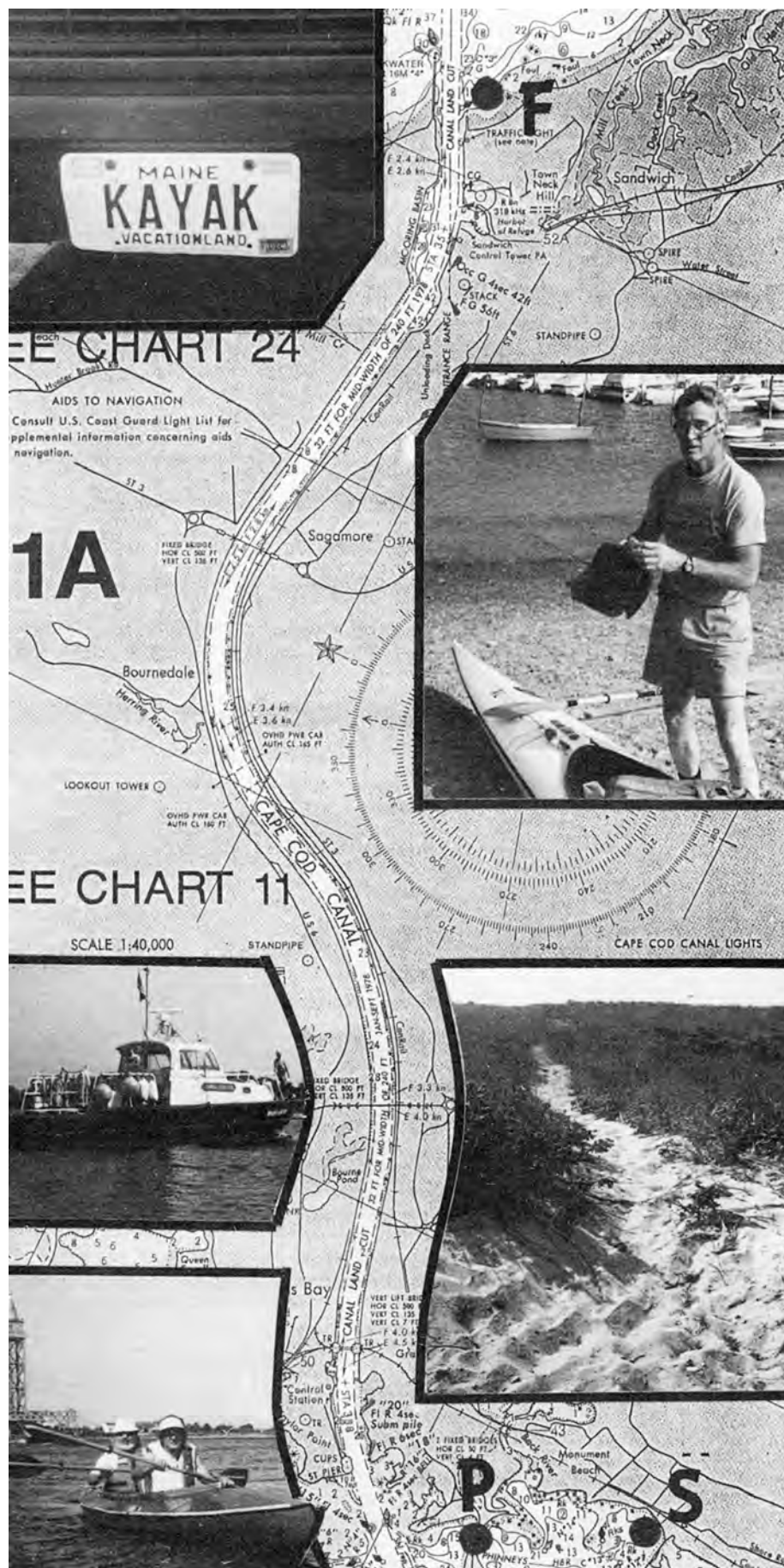
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# Cape Cod Canal aper

By Bob Hicks  
Reprinted from *MAIB*, October 1, 1987



From the top: Chuck Jones' exclusive Maine license plate. Chuck readies to depart. The Corps of Engineers surveillance boat. Our little portage across an isthmus. The Editor and Dave underway in our Folbot.

Forgive me the corny title, but I do like alliteration and the temptation here was just too strong. On Monday, August 17, I joined a half dozen sea kayakers led by Chuck Jones in a sort of "trailblazing" outing, an officially approved paddle through the Cape Cod Canal. We were the first to paddle the eight-mile Canal with the approval of the US Corps of Engineers who operate this facility. The basic rule of Canal usage is one must have **MOTOR POWER** to go through. Paddling, rowing, sailing, all are forbidden.

Chuck Jones, who has in the past told us his stories on paddling his kayak out to Monhegan Island off the Maine Coast, got the idea he'd like to paddle his kayak from Falmouth, Massachusetts, on the southwestern corner of Cape Cod, to Falmouth, Maine. The point involves the two Falmouths being significant places in his life. Chuck did not want to paddle around **OUTSIDE** the Cape, that's a tough, long way to go with often rugged sea conditions, even in summer. Those sea conditions were the stimulus for the digging of the Cape Cod Canal, to ease and shorten a bit the travel between Boston and points north, to New York and points south.

Chuck knew of the prohibition of non-powered craft in the Canal and was well aware of the comprehensive surveillance system the Engineers have to view any point on the eight-mile stretch, close up, with space age TV cameras on high towers along the Canal bankings. You cannot hide from them in there and they'll come drag you out if you try to fake it through. Why are they so up tight about this? It's a bit like not wanting bicyclists on Interstate highways, the Canal is the main shipping lane from Long Island Sound through Buzzards Bay into Massachusetts Bay and also is the highway for thousands of private powerboats (and auxiliary powered sailboats). To have paddlers or rowers plodding along in it could lead (and has on occasion) to big problems for the major users.

So Chuck approached the Engineers with a proposal to transit the Canal in an "unconventional" watercraft. He dared not say kayak up front for he felt he'd never get past the front line people to the Chief Engineer, the man he'd need to win approval from. His gambit got him to the man and his persuasiveness (Chuck's a very reasonable looking and talking middle-aged guy, not a blazing, wild-eyed youth) and insistence finally got conditional approval. He'd have to give 24 hours notice and enter just before the turn of the tide to have the benefit of the tide with him (it gets up to about 6kts at maximum flow). These were easily met requirements and he said there'd be three or four boats in the group.

Well, on this Monday morning there were seven boats, two doubles and five singles. Chuck's son Dan and his wife had their Northwest double and I had my Folbot, crewed by Dave Schurman, who sells





The first bridge met after entering the Canal is this "Tower of London" sort of high lift railroad bridge.

sea kayaks at REI Sports in Reading, Massachusetts, a sort of last-minute volunteer. Bart Hawthaway joined us, as did three others from REI. The southwest wind was blowing up Buzzards Bay about 15kts kicking up quite a chop, but it would be behind us thankfully. Bart had cautioned me earlier about prospects for a rough ride if wind and tide were in opposition, but here we had the best possible arrangement.

We put in by Tobey Island at the public parking lot and ramp in Monument Beach. The group paddled out into the Bay into the wind to get around Mashnee Island, but Dave and I went right across Phinney's Harbor to the isthmus connecting Mashnee to the mainland and carried the Folbot the 100' over the road and beaches, saving a lot of work banging the big, slow boat into that wind and chop. We met the others by the bollards where the big ships tie up if they have to await permission to go through.

The wind had hastened the turn of the tide and so about 9:30am we were off, paddling for the entrance. As we passed the Engineers' headquarters a 40' utility boat Dieseled on out and took up a sort of escort position to our left, we were hugging the right hand banking. He idled along with us for about two miles, taking a lot of pictures, then turned back with a wave. Chuck's dad had phoned the Engineers at 9am to confirm that we were indeed about to embark on the cruise.

Well, it was a piece of cake, the wind behind us but moderated by the high bankings, the current picking up speed going our way, very few Monday morning pleasure boats passing by, no big oceangoing stuff at all. Despite a commitment to keeping together we got spread out after a bit. I felt my Folbot would be too slow and would hold back the rest so Dave and I kept on paddling steadily when the others would stop for this or that. Apparently unbeknownst to us (they were then behind us) two boats beached to answer nature's call. When, after a while, we looked back, we were far ahead! So we stopped paddling. But we kept on going, maybe 2 to 3kts by now, drifting on the tidal current.

Only once did some interesting waves kick up, when two rather large 100' or so oceangoing motor yachts passed by in opposite directions. Their huge wakes crossed each other and by the time they reached us

near the Canal banking they were a confused collection of mounds of water humping up and slacking away. And then the reflected waves returned from the banking. A funny sort of sea condition for a few minutes. Other than this it was a millpond surface but with a current.

The view of the two high arched highway bridges from below on the water was awesome. Fishermen sat on the bankings here and there and we had to move out a bit to avoid their lines. Bicyclists pedaled along the Canal bank bike paths. It was all very pleasant. The shoreline is pretty routine, though, just the rip rap bankings, no variation naturally. We popped out on the Massachusetts Bay end and hung a right around the jetty to head upwind a few hundred yards to a stony beach, our takeout point.

This reminded me how nice it had been not having to paddle into that wind. We'd have exhausted ourselves in eight miles pushing the windage of the Folbot upwind into 15 knots. But, it had been all a downhill trip and seven sea kayaks set a new milestone in public access transiting the Cape Cod Canal by paddle power with official permission. Chuck will be carrying on to Falmouth, Maine, in stages as time off permits, but the only legal obstacle to his trip was now successfully removed.

I think it should be said that the Corps of Engineers isn't about to let the Canal become a paddlers' route, but anyone with a bona fide reason for wishing to paddle through, such as Chuck had, could get a possibly favorable hearing on a request to do so since we didn't cause any problems on our trip. I'd not even think of planning for such a trip on a weekend, though, in heavy traffic. A nice quiet weekday might work.

End of the trip.



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Today was a great day. With the help of our family friend, Michael Mirman, we finished making a Tortoise dinghy designed by Philip Bolger. I took her out for a run. My boat's name is *Roxy*, she is red, and only two people can fit in her. I decided that I wanted to bring my friend Arthur so I would have lots of fun. We wanted to make it an exciting time so we decided to go camping with *Roxy*. We had to pack lightly. We packed matches, a sheet to make a tent, paper for the fire, a cooking grate, some string, and a knife. It was going to be a real earthy day.

The only problem was getting the boat to the beach. We ended up putting the boat in a wagon, then we wheeled the wagon to the car. After we got the boat into the car we had my parents drive us to the beach. We unloaded the boat and put it into the water.

My friend and I hopped into the boat and oared out of the shallows. The water was crystal clear so we decided that we wanted to catch a crab to cook up a little ways down the beach. We ended up not getting any crabs so we oared the boat alongside the beach until we got to a spot that looked good for camping. We pulled the boat far enough onto the beach so the tide wouldn't get it. We unload-

## Today Was A Great Day

By Owen Crosby Morris (age 12)

ed all of our camping supplies to a little land mass surrounded by a stream. We knew that it would be a good idea to set up a campsite so we found two good-sized sticks and put them into the ground about 6' away from each other, then we tied a rope from one stick to the other. Lastly we hung a sheet over the rope and put sand on the sides. Now we had a tent that would block the wind.

To make a good meal we wanted to have quahogs and I knew the best spot to get them was just about a half-mile down the beach. So we dragged the boat back into the water and rowed it along the beach. It took us about 15 minutes but we made it. I jumped off the boat into the water and started to dig with my feet into the sand. Whenever I felt the top of a quahog I would dive under water and pull it up. Sometimes I would not be able to find it. After we had gathered around 12 quahogs we rowed back. The water was getting a little bit rough.

At the campsite we got the quahogs out of the boat and put them into the tent. We got out the things that we would need to start up a fire, matches, paper, and we looked for some beach wood. Then we dug a pit into the ground so the wind wouldn't get to our fire too much. Arthur set up the fire while I shucked the quahogs with my knife. After I was done shucking the fire had burned down to a nice coal! So we put the fire grate over the fire and laid the quahogs on it. They smelled great and we watched them cook. When they were done cooking we took them of the quickly so we wouldn't get burned, then we brought them into our tent to eat. They were really tasty because they were fresh.

After eating the quahogs we sat by the fire until it went out. It started to get a little late so we packed up and put our things into the boat. On the way back home the water was pretty rough and I think that our boat would of flipped if it wasn't a well-designed skiff. After the struggle with the roughness of the water we made it to the part of the beach we had been dropped off at and then Arthur and I pulled it up onto the beach. That was our fun boating experience.

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# Nirvana

By Will Hadden (age 13)

This is *Nirvana*, a 5½' foot race boat I built last summer. I improvised on the design with some cardboard patterns for the bow. The whole thing was made from one sheet of ply kerfed every 1½". Then it folded up, with a little elbow grease. The kerfs were later filled with epoxy.

I threw in a 19cc weed whacker engine that I found at the dump, some servos, and a surface-piercing prop from a hobby shop.

I found some yellow paint in my dad's shop and glopped on a few coats. After that dried I attempted to start the engine, which had run on ether before. It refused no matter what I tried. Long story short, I found a new carburetor at the dump and the engine sputtered to life. My glory moment was short lived when all three epoxy shaft bearings seized up, so I loosened them up with some sandpaper, the next dry run was more successful. *Nirvana* was ready for a real test!

I set *Nirvana* in the water, started the engine, and set it loose and again the bearings seized. So more sandpaper on the bearings and I tried again the next weekend. With the bearings loosened the boat was now going faster than I expected but I was having a hard time turning it and it hit a rock... in a pond!! I guess they're everywhere. I found a scratch on the bottom but nothing serious.

To see a video clip, check out my blog at [java-boodin-blog.blogspot.com](http://java-boodin-blog.blogspot.com).

Launching *Nirvana* with my father.



*Nirvana* in the shop.

*Nirvana* under radio control racing across the Georgetown pond.



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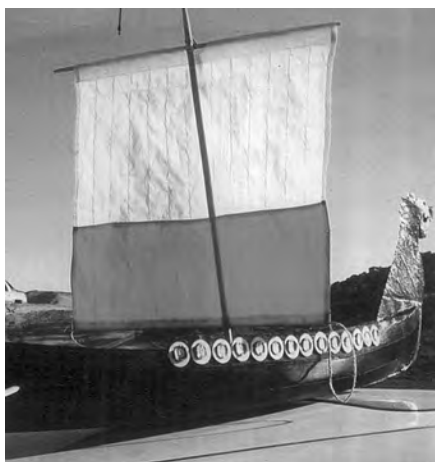


Hot racing, Nina and Penguin

There came ashore at Hite, Utah, on September 19 last, from a variety of watercraft, a smiling, even jovial, group of ten adults and two kinder. A close look would reveal a hard-bitten, sunburned, zephyr racked band the like of which you are ever unlikely to see. From whence came this adventurous and indomitable crew? Let us peel away the leaves of time and space to find the details of their stirring story.

Veteran readers of this indispensable mag already know that the foregoing malarkey presages another shining saga of those masochistic mariners, the Kokonauts. Sure enough. Here's how it went. The Thayers, pere et fils, met up in Green River to load melons and then rolled into Thin Man camp after dark. They were welcomed by D. Smith, J. Groves, J. Denison, and the Axons. Helen quickly reheated residual stir fry that hit the

#### Funeral Barge



## Kokopelli 2008

### Different Strokes for Different Folks

By Jim Thayer

Photos by Axon, Gale, Jackson, S. Thayer

spot. After communion around the fire we bagged up to spend a really cool night, in the 40s I'd guess.

Heather's father, Jack Hicks, had built, with consummate workmanship and artistry, a cruising pulling boat. It had to be seen and critically examined to be really appreciated. He also built or fitted out pulling boats for Heather and grandson Willy. Jack had some sort of Viking connection and he had done a number of cruises with the Kokonauts, so it was felt that his ashes should be committed to the lovely blue waters of Lake Powell.

Young Vikings, Ruby and Willie.



So on Saturday there was quite a crowd of family, friends, and much of the Kokopelli cohort to say goodbye with ceremony and pageantry. There was the proverbial groaning board with everybody's contributions. Heather had made a bunch of cups with Jack's mark (he was a potter, too), and bottles of mead were laid on. Dewitt produced a pile of authentic Viking horned helmets which gave the affair an operatic air.

### Farewell to Jack

By Steven Thayer

We are gathered here for Jack Hicks' wake  
We will spread his ashes on the lake.

Some may laugh and some may cry  
We're just here to say goodbye.

Like a line, drawn in the sand  
Or summer giving up to winter's hand.

Our life on earth does not last long  
And friends and family must carry on.

Jack's good life we'll celebrate  
While he looks down from the Pearly Gate.

He had a real craftsman's eye  
You could tell it as his boat went by.

Forget calm or wind that's low  
No sails for him, he'd rather row.

We say farewell with much regard  
To a man who lived well and pulled hard.





Wee Willie in scale sliding seat cruiser.



Sandra and Chuck with Michalak kayaks.

I guess Tom and the Salt Lake boat shop guys (they rise to all occasions) had built about a 3' model of a Viking longship. This was stuffed with bon voyage notes from many, fire starters, and freighted with Jack's ashes. As dusk fell we gathered at the shore, Heather read a short piece, Steven did his poem, the ship was set alight, and Willie, rowing his two-thirds replica of his granddad's boat, took a line and towed it offshore. It burned for a long time before the mast fell and it finally guttered out. It was lovely, meaningful, and fun. Jack would have loved it.

September 14, Sunday: No sign of many of the guests was to be found. Dewitt and John soon headed back to the establishment while Dave and Anita powered *Picara* back to the takeout at Bullfrog ramp. The Kokonauts gathered their wits and quickened their pace. There was no sign of the usual beach boat building.

Willie was first away and soon out of sight, rowing the Jr edition of Jack's pulling boat. Keep an eye on this kid because he is going to be out front nearly this entire trip. I wasn't too far behind to begin with but the wood flappers soon had me bringing up the rear.

Chuck and Sandra Leinweber, with their burdensome Michalak kayaks, passed me up like a dirty shirt. Martin stayed with me a while with his new model cat, much smaller than his monster from '06, and then turned back. He likes more air. Steve and Helen Axon went sliding past in their Mohawk Intrepid 17 canoe. They had a mountain of gear and Steve used a double paddle aft. John Denison and new recruit Michael Jackson (not that one!) both had Hobie Island tris with the fin propulsion units. They look like a committee product but one can make a very good case for them, arguing that they have the best of both worlds.

My son Steven had a Penguin, whose origins are lost in the mists of time. I bought it back east for 100 bucks or less and started a rebuild which got set aside for something else. It stood poking up through the rafters in the Collbran shop for many years with the understanding that it was Steven's boat. He mentioned it from time to time and this summer said it was time to haul it out. Remarkably all the gear was found with only minimal digging. However, matching all the bits and pieces to the screw holes was a bit of a puzzle. Apparently we got it right, or at least workable.

In a break with tradition nobody did any boat building on the beach and we were away by 10am, close reaching in a light wind. It was long and short, east on the main chan-



Penguin at head of navigation.

nel and then very light air in the teeth, with some rowing, as we rounded the corner and worked north. The leaders found a little hole just where the channel turns east, but upon exploring the area found a much better spot and waved us stragglers in before relocating their own boats. It was just 1500 but such a fine spot, with good firewood, that no complaints were heard. Firewood is rare west of Bullfrog but becomes increasingly abundant as one approaches Hite where the river debouches into the lake. The hikers did their thing in various directions while the Axons, great gardeners, preservers, and dryers, organized an elegant spaghetti with pesto. A fire was enjoyed well into the night.

Tom, an active boat trader and eBay devotee, had a "new" Venture 21 powered by his reliable old 2hp 'rude. You would expect the whole family to pile in but not this bunch! Willie, age 9, has his own little sliding seat pulling boat. He had pretty well mastered it on the '06 Frog Drounder and now there is no holding him back. Heather, too, is overburdened with energy. She rowed the Girly Boat but all the kit went in the Venture so she was running light. Tom graciously played shepherd, standing off and on to show where the entrance to camp was hiding.

September 15, Monday: I had my usual b'fast and shared the time with Steven who had no stove. I fried homemade bread which



Venture 21

lasted us 'til 'the penultimate day. Being a bagel man, Steven garnished with cream cheese while I alternated jam and pb. Steve came by with Helen's zucchini bread.

There was just enough of a breeze out of the north so I could ease out on one board, first away. Steven soon caught me and insisted on giving me a tow under oars as the wind went dead flat. At 0945 we are clearly around the corner, headed east, with a fair zephyr and the Henrys in sight over the wall to the north. Willie is well out ahead and Tom is powering up behind.

At 0955 we pass mark #102 with wind light and variable. The helm is clamped and I shift back and forth between p&s trying to keep the main full. My tiller comb is a hinged board with a slight notch in the center. Adjustments are made with spring clamps placed either side of the tiller. At some point I knocked the comb flat to take control. One clamp took umbrage at this treatment, loosed its hold, and jumped over the side. The message, don't treat spring clamps cavalierly, or anything else on a boat, for that matter. We soon wound up against the wall, enjoying the shade.

Here's how the afternoon went. At 1300 sharp #104 was abeam, 1415 #106, 1435 I lost sight of Steven up Smith canyon, 1600 #109, 1740 #110, 1815 tied up a short way up a canyon across from Warm Springs. Maybe eight miles today. John D. beached a little way off in an alcove with nice garden and trickling spring.

Still no sign of Steven as Sandra made salmon cakes and Chuck hauled out a most

welcome bag of Chablis. After supper Tom headed out to look for my boy. The kid (hey, he's 40-something) is very resourceful but still parents worry. After spending so much time hiking up Smith, with darkness coming on, he took the prudent course and anchored up in a congenial cove. He came rowing in next morn in time for b'fast..

September 16, Tuesday: Got an early start and was out in the channel with a decent little breeze as #110 came abeam at 0905. Moving along wing and wing as indicated by the following times: 1002 #113, 1057 #116, 1105 #117. Bullfrog is the launch point for boats in the upstream half of the lake and I can't see that the price of gas has cut their numbers or speed. The light air makes their wakes really brutal. I tend to lounge in the corner of the cockpit with my arms resting on the deck and unconsciously brace myself for the rolls. After a couple of days I got to wondering why my elbows were so sore. Inspection revealed that the skin was gone off my knobs.

As a beach boat Nina has an aluminum rudder blade lifted by a light line to a cleat on the tiller. A couple of feet of this line wanders around the deck and seldom causes any problem but can be a nuisance on occasion. Thinking to cure the problem, I wound the excess line around the tiller and jammed it in the cleat from whence it soon came loose. After a couple more fixes I put my mind to the task and soon concluded that there was absolutely no need for the extra line. There would be some excess when the blade was up but when sailing the line need only reach the cleat. Further analysis suggests that with an eye strap further aft on the tiller and a stopper knot, even more line could be eliminated. Just now working this out, after many years cruising this boat, indicates that my normally keen, analytic mind somehow gets disabled on the water.



Nina, wing and wing.

Well, an already pleasant day gets better as we open Good Hope Bay and the wind builds from the east. I can make out a couple of houseboats tucked into the shore in the sw corner, and eastward a bright sand beach. The beach ends abruptly on the west end, suggesting that maybe, just maybe, there is an entrance. The wind is piping up so it won't take long to find out.

We whip around a rocky point and run ashore on a perfect little half moon beach. I lay back to admire my new home and suddenly sense that I am drifting off. You are never on the beach until the anchor is ashore! I rolled up several turns in the main and then went up the little hill to survey the country. I descried flashing paddles in the distance. The Axons were soon ashore, followed closely by the Texas duck folk.

High noon upon us, we gathered in Nina's cockpit where bags and packs yielded myriad cheeses along with sturdy fruits and veggies. To hold up my end I fished out a can of sardines, skinless and boneless, ah boy! Fine print "packed in pure spring water." With five hungry mariners aboard we didn't clean out the little can and what went over the side didn't even elicit a sniff from the 3" guy who was monitoring us. Tuna in water is bad enough, but sardines are inedible. What were people thinking?

It was early so the Axons put up a sunshade and settled in with good books. Others puttered or hiked, the kids splashed, and Mike pulled gullible fish out of the brushy end of the inlet. There was talk of a day sail but sloth had us by the throat. Mid-afternoon we slashed the big Wassermelon.



Giant Jackson catch.

Steven and I were on the hook for supper so time to get busy if we are to meet the announced 1830 serving time. I had decided to forego my standard himmel und erde for something in a lighter vein, chow mien, although our svelte crew could handle heartier fare. The pork had just thawed and was soon sending sensory waves across the anchorage. The rest was just a matter of chopping veggies as chairs began to gather on the sloping bank like interns for an interesting procedure. Steven topped it all off, and likely earned a place in Koko history, with one of his acclaimed cheese cakes.

There was a fire pit atop the eminence that protected our little beach. Our scavengers had collected a nice pile and we settled in for the evening. In the next inlet was a houseboat which began to shoot off bottle rockets and a few star shells. One of our party, who must remain anonymous for obvious reasons, became more and more agitated as the evening wore on. The desultory rocket barrage next door required an answer of real pyrotechnic power. I can reveal that our man was once employed in serious fire work with a state agency in which capacity, it is rumored, he actually started some fires.

He was, at length, moved to withdraw from his kit a plastic canister (maybe 8" in diameter and 10" tall), in the bottom of which was a small bowl charged with a baggie of black powder with fuse. In the upper part of the canister he draped a sheet of plastic into which, wonder of wonders, he dumped a large jar of Cremora. This will show them power boaters! Well, it did. There was a dandy explosion and a fireball, maybe 20' in diameter a ways up in the air. Bravo! Another high water mark. What must Kokopelli be thinking?

September 24, Wednesday: Steven took a long hike before b'fast and heard water running over by the cliff. The milk is a bit off so we finish it off along with a dab of chow mien. Nobody is moving very fast, myself included, but I finally get away. In 20 minutes or so we get some light air and Mike comes by with the fishing report.

By the log I encountered the first idiot boat at 1030. Since the take went down several years ago there has been no useable ramp at Hite and the upper lake has been mercifully peaceful. This year it is again possible to launch but the water is beyond the concrete so the most obnoxious big guys are still absent. The houseboats are all based at Bullfrog or Hall's and they seldom get up this far.

Thanks to the *Daily Sentinel* of August 27, 1997 we learn that "2.5 million people visit this red rock reservoir each year. 500,000 boats float Lake Powell each year, producing 60% of Utah's boating accidents. About 15,000 to 20,000 visitors camp on the lake every night" (summer). No wonder the place can be a madhouse.

High noon and I am back in the channel east of Good Hope Bay where I can just see the top of Steven's sail over the bushes. He later reports a good harbor. 1444, red #126 abeam. Near mark #127 we find a home on a rather ragged section of shale shore. The place is some sort of trap at a slightly higher water level as it is covered with driftwood. The Axon shade is up and the rest of the Wassermelon is despatched. John is on the hook tonight so leads off with exotic fish tidbits. In fact, as I came ashore he greeted me with a large cracker sporting my name in Cheese Whiz.

Many were content to sit in the shade but the exploring types soon turned up a bottle. Rusty forceps, with great care, extracted the following: "Hi you! We are sitting here in Moab, Utah, and we just thought why not throwing a bottle in the Colorado River. It would be nice to know where the bottle is going." Nicci82@web.de, Piardj@hotmail.com." Two more bottles soon turned up. No answer yet.

Suddenly, a strong gust folded the shade and sent all hands into action. It then went off leaving a good breeze which lured the Penguin out to play. John finished up with cherries jubilee, although I never saw any flames. The stuff was definitely in there, however.

September 18, Thursday: B'fast was accompanied by a good breeze, maybe 10-12. I made sail and Steven pushed me off from a rocky point, first away and hard on the wind. It was dead to windward and a goodly while before I saw anybody on my tail. Ahead lay the dreaded Horn, a low rocky peninsula at the start of an entrenched meander.

Back in '97 (see January 1, 1998) when Axon and I first made this trip, it had been a bite-your-lip run from GHB to the Horn where the wind went over the peninsula and was shattered into wild eddies. Steve,





M. Jackson. Laid back sailor.



Gale, Thayer, Dennison. Beach Chic.

with the Sea Pearl, managed quite well and soon left me behind as I tried to reef an unwieldy lug rig on a narrow A Duckah! It was a memorable afternoon and ultimately led to a change of rig.

This time the wind went flat just before rounding and the fleet passed me as I took up the oars. About the oars, I left a pair in the boat at Cortez and then gave Steven my last pair. All I had was a bunch of blanks that had been standing around for years. Well, you know how it goes, oars aren't that important for a real sailor, time flies, the list says "oars," it doesn't say "make oars." I grabbed the blanks and shoved the blades through the table saw. They were blade heavy, square in the horns and square in the grips, but they worked remarkably well. I could have worked on the grips with my pocket knife but never bothered.

The afternoon mostly had enough breeze to give the illusion of movement as I brought up the rear. The leading boats got close enough to some desert bighorns to get good photos. Steven sailed the Penguin through a slot between a big slab and the cliff.

It has been standard for Tom to sail off and on in front of camp so that we lag-gards can tell from miles off where we are heading. As the afternoon wore down Tom was working the entrance but finally disappeared, leaving Heather to show the way. I soon caught up with her and was roaring back and forth through the water but not

making much headway over her. I was fixated on a large rock which I thought I had to round. Reaching it, I realized that I had sailed right by the entrance. Upon closing the beach I found that the board was up! Thayer's Rule, one will lose more by forgetting the board than one will ever gain by raising it on a run. Maybe I was born to be a golfer.

We were in a marvelous harbor surrounded, some 20' up, by a stratum of hard sandstone which has weathered into monster slabs, creating many caves and overhangs. Great for the kids. Noting my haphazard landing arrangement, Steven repositioned the boat so that the mizzen shaded the interior. This was so pleasant that I took a nap. As the shadow stretched ashore, several convivial chairs gathered to take advantage. Curiously, when one steps into the water in the morning the water is like a warm bath, but after a day in the hot sun the water becomes ice cold.

The Gales dished up Mexican with warm tortillas and beaucoups of those great tomatoes they have been laying on all week. After supper we repaired to a smooth bench above the main channel where J.D. celebrated the last night afloat with a magnificent Cremora bomb which, one hopes, was captured by all the electronics trained on it.

September 19, Friday: Just enough wind to glide slowly out of our snug harbor. Probably an hour later we were in the main channel and about 40' from the night's

bomb site. It was a long day with plenty of rowing. There was just enough wind at the finish to slide me over a rock and up on the muddy shore.

All the drivers piled into Steven's shuttle truck for the run back to Stanton Creek. A couple of hours later we were loading boats and packing gear for the trek homeward. We decided to spend the night right there which cost me three bucks with my golden geezer pass, my only expenditure for the park. Helen jazzed a can of baked beans with lots of onions and we finished off our bag of tomatoes which were ripe when we picked them but, except for one, were still primo.

It is remarkable that there is any wood left in such a center of activity but we had enough for a good fire. A dribble of Kah-lua was passed around and the trip wrapped up. I think the consensus was that the stretch from Good Hope Bay to Hite was so quiet and peaceful that it should be the focus of future activity. There is gorgeous country down lake but the mega-whompers and buzz bombs make it miserable. Lake level was 3,628.37' and the launch would be manageable 10'-15' lower. We'll have to see how the climate goes.

At this remove in time since, with the tomatoes frosted last night, one thinks fondly of lolling languidly in the cockpit or flaking on the beach. Nobody is looking for shade now! Cheer up. Only 11 more months.

Martin Adams cat.



Nice, but open to wakes.



## Epilog

We had so many different sorts of boats this year that I thought it would be good to get some opinions from the owners about how happy they were with their choices. They are a modest bunch and it's hard to get anything out of them but a few comments follow.

It was an ideal trip for the Hobie Islanders which handle light air with laid back pedaling and then go to sailing with no effort nor change of position. They also have more stowage than one would expect and you can hang more stuff all over them. John D. had modified his with a comfy lawn chair backrest.

The Gales: We came with the Birdwatcher until Heather got the New York Whitehall. Since then she has been rowing and sailing on her own, usually with one of the kids and a lot of gear. In '06 Willie brought his own little sliding seat boat and was on his own most of the time. Tom had the Venture 21 to haul all the gear and sleep the bunch, but Heather and Willie still brought their own craft. Willie rowed all but one upwind slog. Ruby wasn't quite ready for the Lil' Pickle yet but it won't be long.

Steven: The Penguin served admirably with two large coolers forward of the thwart. We put reef points on it but never had occa-

sion to use them. It was designed for frostbiting and is quite stiff.

Chuck and Sandra Leinweber: We were pretty happy with our choice of boats this year. You may remember that we took our little sailboat on the Soaki Koki and towed a couple of kayaks behind. We were able to carry more gear that way but it was a pain to tow the kayaks. We did enjoy paddling them, particularly in Iceberg Canyon. Every other time we have been to Powell we have taken a sailboat, but we have done very little sailing so we decided to just take the kayaks this time. At first we were not sure if we would be able to paddle all those miles but that was not a problem. One day I saw over 20 miles paddled (on my GPS) but that was the day we went five miles up and back one of the canyons. Still, it was not a problem. Anyway, I am the sailor in the family, Sandra really prefers to paddle. So we will probably bring the same boats again next year.

We paddled an Imresboat and a Toto. They did so well that we will likely bring them again next year. We had had no problem bringing two big sleeping bags, an air mattress, tent, cooking gear, several changes of clothes (including cold weather stuff just in case), food for a week, and other stuff like cameras, lanterns, etc.

(Plans for the above kayaks and other Michalak designs can be bought through duckworksbs.com)

Steve Axon: We just used our 17' ABS Mohawk Expedition canoe. We figured there would be no wind in September and so saved about \$150 in gas not hauling the Pearl down and back (4-cylinder Jeep pickup vs Ford van). Plus we got some exercise. We were very happy with the decision except that all that paddling left us less inclined to explore way up those side canyons. I'm much happier these days going forward with a kayak paddle rather than backwards rowing. I should probably write a MAIB piece about the virtues of that arrangement.

(Steve is one of those gung ho, just around the bend, up this crack, hikers. Despite a steady diet of volleyball, folk dancing, and red wine he was persuaded to lay back for a triple bypass over Christmas. I'm guessing that the wine was insufficient to counteract all that psychical activity.)

Martin: OK, Jim, here goes. The Lake Powell Messabout morphed rather quickly into the cruise to Hite and I was hoping to tag along for the first leg with my PVC pipe based RebelCat 5, the latest incarnation of a cat design I first built while in Brazil. However, there was so little wind that I had to paddle like a madman to catch the tail end of it, Jim Thayer as it happened, pulling up the rear. As I splashed alongside Jim called over, "What kind of sailing is that?" Looking at Jim with his sails wing and wing and catching but a whisper of air, his boat making all of about 1/2 knot, I called back, "What kind of sailing is THAT!"

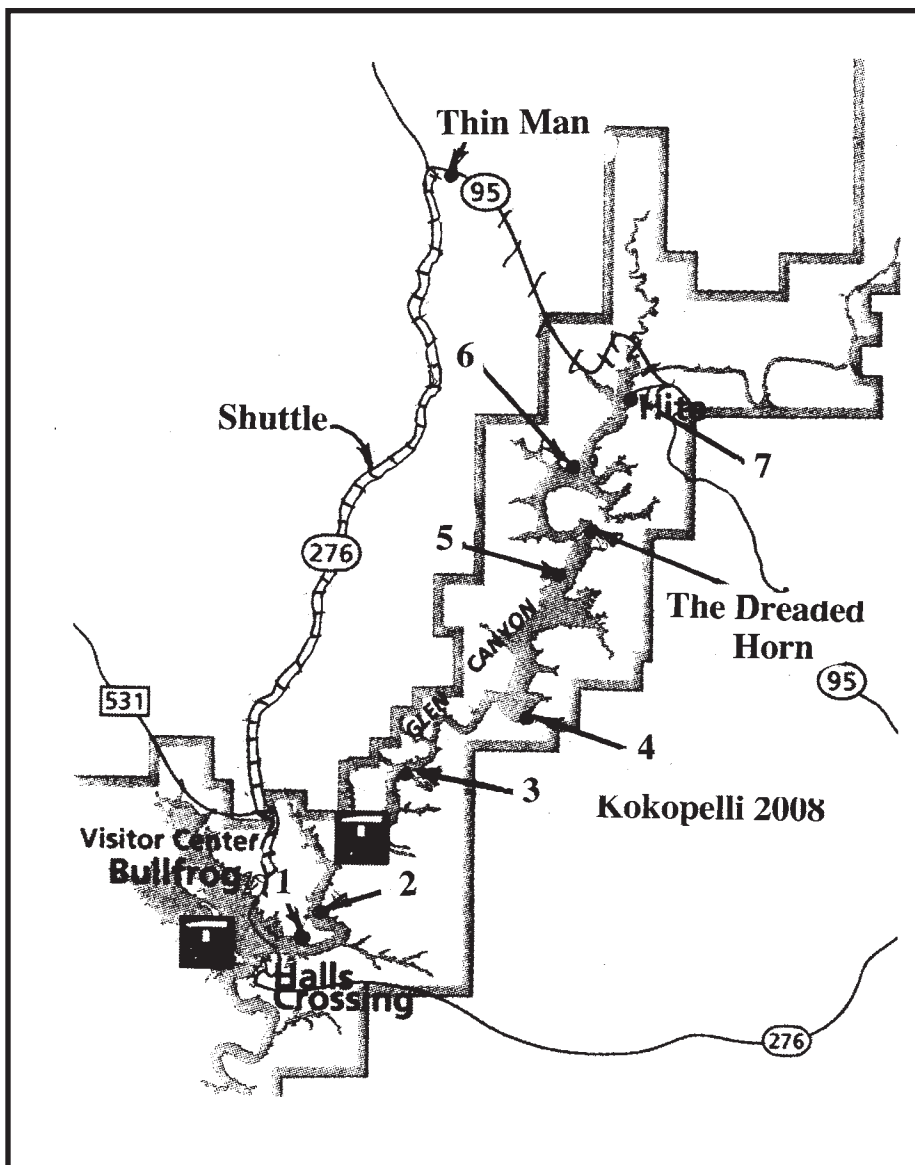
I had called a friend earlier who got online and gave me a weather forecast for the Page/Hite area, winds light and variable (i.e., more of the same) so I was hesitant to get my cat and myself stuck in those narrow canyons (again) with no wind and motorboats whizzing past a few yards away for six days. I saw the other boats disappearing into the mouth of the canyon and decided I'd gone about as far as I cared to. As I was moving slower than Jim it seemed, at the time, to be a good choice. So I reversed direction and started the long paddle back to our now abandoned campsite. One of the Hobie Adventure Islands approached and then passed me making pretty good time but not sailing, rather using the amazing Mirage pedal-powered propulsion system. It quickly caught up with and passed Jim and disappeared along with the others.

I stayed on another day, trying to get some decent video footage of my cat doing what cats are famous for, sailing fast. The wind, however, had other plans so I did my best with what there was and packed out the following day. I was relieved to hear almost a week later that those on the cruise made it all the way safely. Back in Prescott, the wind finally cooperated and I got some video.

## Commercial

I think we got a pretty good video of this year's trip. Steven contributed some good footage which helps considerably. Kokopelli doesn't fill up the disc so we have a piece on the 2008 Cortez Meet and a short bit on a past Pen d'Oreille Rendezvous. For devoted potatoes this will be a nice break from your standard fare. For real boat nuts it is indispensable.

For your very own personal copy, send \$9 cash, check, or money order to Grand Mesa Boatworks Video, Dept MAIB, 662 Wintergreen St, Grand Junction, CO 81504







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A loud beeping sound from the cockpit arouses me from my rest. It is nearly 1am on my great adventure sail to the Dry Tortugas. The wind is steady at 20kts as billions of brilliant stars light up the moonless night and the broad panorama of the Milky Way paints a swath of white across the inky sky. I'm a little over 40 miles from my goal as *Belle* makes over 6kts on a beam reach. What is all the noise about? Crazy autopilot! I clamber back to see what might be happening. I glance at the sails that are starting to luff. The boat symbol on my GPS Mapping Unit is turned sideways. Something is not right.

My journey to the Tortugas really started three years back. I had planned to make this dream-of-a-lifetime voyage accompanied by my friend Ron Hoddinott. Sailing with Ron would have been great as he is a consummate sailor/racer with many years of sailing experience who has also done this trip before. Frustrated by various equipment failures, I had given up before I even started. But the dream never died and I always planned to make another attempt.

This year, after re-powering *Belle* with a new 18hp Nissan engine and solving most, if not all, of her problems, I feel confident in my success. Unfortunately I never could find crew, but having spent many hours plotting my course and studying the weather and current patterns I am confident in my abilities to manage this voyage on my own. For the last three months I have been stocking and fine tuning *Belle's* systems and now everything works well. I have enough food for a month and water for nearly as long.

Last night I reached Port of the Islands at around 6pm. I just missed closing time but was not worried. Dry camping on the trailer is no big deal. As it turns out set-up took way longer than I expected but everything was ready and I was sacked out by midnight.

Morning came with the sounds of a powerboater setting up next to me for launch. It was 6:30am. Perfect timing to launch at 7am when the marina opened. With my fee paid, I am launched and tied up by 7:30am. The truck and trailer sit safely in a lot next door. I buy a breakfast burrito and heat it in the microwave. A Nestle's chocolate drink provides my energy. I am ready to leave.

The low morning light highlights the beauty of Faka Union Canal. I see ospreys, a little blue heron, and many other birds I'm not familiar with. The canal water is dark and still except for an occasional leaping fish. I motor comfortably at 6kts riding a falling tide which helps my speed over the ground, but worries me when I think about the shallows ahead. As it turns out, the water is plenty deep enough for *Belle's* shallow draft.

A light breeze settles in as I approach marker #2. I try sailing but a speed around 2kts is just not enough. Motorsailing satisfies my need to keep on schedule but drains precious gas from the port tank. At last the wind awakens and speeds me on my way. A pod of bottle nosed dolphins joins me, cavorting on both sides of my small ship. Speeds climb above 5kts as I douse the motor and enjoy the sounds of the wind and waves. I turn on the XM radio and Brahms Piano Concerto #1 fills the air. I am at complete peace.

My trusty Garmin 198C guides my Autohelm 1000+ as it leads me down my route like a pro. Comforting messages about "distance to next" and "on track within 100th of a nautical mile" flash across the autopilot's information screen.

## Sailing to the Dry Tortugas

By Larry Whited

Sunset is a magic, but lonely, time on the Gulf of Mexico. I haven't seen one boat all day. I know that I am over 40 miles from the nearest godforsaken land in the Everglades. "I'll be fine," I reassure myself as the miles slowly tick off toward the Tortugas. As dark sets in the wind picks up and falls back off the beam. I am sailing on course at over 6kts. It is invigorating but I am tired. Knowing that the ocean is empty, I go below for 15 minute rest breaks in the V-berth wedged against the lee hull. The water chuckles loudly in my ear as I drift in and out of REM sleep. Each check shows excellent progress and a climbing wind speed.

At a 12:15am I do a final check. The ocean is empty. The moon has set. The Milky Way is so bright it is almost scary. I can't remember seeing this many stars even in northern Arizona where the skies are clear of all pollution, both chemical and light sourced. To use a trite expression, the stars look like diamonds on black velvet.

Back in my bunk I drift off again. Suddenly I am aroused by a loud beeping from the cockpit that I recognize as my autopilot warning me. I rush back noting that the boat is off course. Swearing at the Autohelm I snatch the control arm from its connection. The tiller falls limp in my hand. A horrible awareness falls upon me. "Houston, we have a problem here," I mutter to myself. Peering over the stern the frightening spectacle of my broken rudder meets my gaze. The poor thing is splayed over sideways flapping helplessly on its pendant. Quickly I sheet in the mizzen and drop the main. Oh God, I'm nauseated... make that throwing up.

After regaining my composure, I get on Channel 16 and call the Coast Guard. Mercifully the St Petersburg station responds to my call. I explain my situation and request a tow, noting my TowBoat US membership number. As I slowly drift back to the northwest I lose radio contact. I already had blown a fuse during my conversation. I scramble to replace it and finish my conversation but soon my calls are no longer answered.

Now commences a period of ghastly agony filled with nauseous vomiting and extreme mal de mer. The little ship tracks the waves well with its mizzen correcting my drift, placing my nose nearly head on to the oncoming 6-8' waves. It is the pitch, dip, and yaw that slowly drives me into a sea of sickness. Will it never end? Why didn't I buy that Dramamine II I planned on? Will I ever be rescued? Do I ever want to sail offshore again? These and many other thoughts rush randomly through my reeling head as the night slowly crawls on. I try to rescue the pounding rudder. But my strength is too diminished by the illness.

At 6:30am the VHF crackles to life. "Sailing Vessel *Belle* this is the Coast Guard aircraft, do you read me?" Do I ever! They are in the vicinity and the signal is loud and clear. I respond and give my coordinates as I see the sleek jet fly by in the early dawn. "I can't see you yet, can you fire a flare?"

"Sure" and then I fumble through my flare kit and load a 12ga into the gun. It flies nearly straight up. "I see you," crackles the

radio. "I am going to do a flyover and I want you to call mark when I am directly overhead." I call my mark and the jet banks into a left turn. "Can you turn your epirb on?"

"Yes, here it goes."

"I see you. Leave it on and the Coast Guard vessel *Miami* will be here around 12n."

"Thank you, sir."

"Are you OK, other than sea sickness? Do you have any medical conditions?"

"I'm hanging in there and no, no significant medical conditions. I have an inflatable dingy and kayak. I'll be all right until they come." I force myself to be cheerful.

Noon comes and goes. Then around 1pm the radio comes to life again. The Coast Guard is calling me. I answer over and over. I never get through. Clearly my radio is severely impaired. I hear TowBoat US talking to the Coast Guard. They say they are at the coordinates and I am not there. Then they say they are going to follow my drift pattern. Finally around 1:30pm I hear TowBoat US calling and I answer. They finally hear me and I quickly give my coordinates.

A playful pod of spotted dolphins cavort in front of the TowBoat US towing boat. I am overwhelmed by their greeting. Capt Chris Smith tells me they are looking for food. But I feel their warm welcome. Needless to say I am happy to see Capt Chris as well. He tells me he is going to tow me with a 300' towing bridle. It is going to take nearly nine hours to get to Marco Island. Wow, will my sick stomach and dehydrated and tired body hold up to that?

It's 11:20pm when we arrive at my anchorage for the night. Capt Chis tells me that Capt Gene will be picking me up in the morning to take me to my truck, then place my boat on my trailer. I am overwhelmed by their kindness and professionalism. I am eternally grateful to these fine captains of Southern Marine Towing, Inc TowBoat US.

### Epilogue

May 7: I now have many questions about my experience Wednesday night. I wonder why my epirb, which is registered with COSPOS/SARSAT and is supposed to help the Coast Guard find me, did no such thing? I wonder why the Coast Guard never did find me or follow the obvious drift pattern? I wonder what would have happened if I had sailed just a few miles outside the range of VHF believing that my epirb would save me?

Now I am going to pursue those questions for full and satisfying answers. I am sending the epirb back to the ACR for analysis. If it is found to be functional, I am pursuing this with the Coast Guard. Further, I am never again going to rely on one form of communication. I am going to have two back up antennas and I probably will have a Globalstar Satellite phone.

This trip ended, in a way, in disappointment. But I have learned many lessons about myself and my boat. *Belle* is a very seaworthy boat if properly prepared. I need to take nausea medicine before I leave. All in all I think this dramatic, but short, sail enriched my sailing experience and further educated me, preparing me better for future offshore sailing attempts. I think the boat did well. I also think I handled it pretty well. I'll let the reader be the judge of that, though.

Sailing offshore is serious business. Being well prepared with backup plans for the possible failures of equipment and personnel is vital. I feel like I know what to do to make this trip successful in the future. I hope



to make the trip to the Dry Tortugas again and successfully in the near future.

May 29: As I wait word from ACR (and any email I have requested confirming the receipt of the unit) I continue to flesh out the weakness of my rescue plan. It is clear that I was relying on Coast Guard rescue and also on the epirb to do its job. Because the epirb has no way for me to test its functionality, it strikes me now as absurd that I would rely on an electrical crap shoot for my rescue plan. This experience has very much broadened my perspective on safety at sea.

I now see that I should rely on good maintenance, spare supplies, and excellent training for safety at sea. The calling devices should have backups; eg, the radio, antenna, and coaxial cable should be redundant. In reality a testable and verifiable rescue emergency device is the only one that can be counted on in an emergency. Murphy's Law is in full force at sea and doubly in an emergency.

Enter now a testable, verifiable rescue device. SPOT, a new private service, is a satellite tracking device that works on land and water and is also a tracking device through which messages can be sent. Its international rescue service is depended on by thousands of individuals and many commercial operations around the world. The Orion service network gets paid to do the job right. Their business model requires effective and reliable service. And most of all, it is verifiable.

Update from ACR: I have received word from ACR that they have completed a review of both my experience with the Coast Guard and a review of the epirb itself. As for the unit, it checks out completely with all beacons and the GPS working. They have installed a new battery and switch, certifying the unit for another five years. The Coast Guard review shows that they did receive the epirb signal and included that in the rescue scenario. No calls were made to my contacts as a rescue was already underway.

Apparently some conflicts occurred due to the initial rescue request being made as a tow request via VHF. ACR suggests that, in the future when an all out emergency is underway, the epirb be deployed on its own without attempts to use the VHF initially. This will activate the system as a true emergency and avoid all conflicting priorities. I have to doff my hat to the professional staff at ACR regarding the timely and complete way they handled this episode, going beyond the call of duty in renewing my unit at no cost to me. It is also nice to know that the coding is correctly assigned to me and *Belle* and that the system DOES WORK!

I am replacing the VHF antenna and coax. Additionally I have a second run of cable up the mizzen mast previously used for 2m ham radio. I will install a second antenna which I have already purchased as a back up. I am also planning to have a backup VHF unit in place as well.

Good news also on the rudder stock. The welding has been pronounced severely faulty by the welding shop. An additional contributor to the rudder failure was severe electrolysis due to stray currents in the slip at Aqualand Marina. Also, the stainless had been painted with anti-fouling paint which is copper based, adding to the dissimilar metals problem. A new, more robust installation is being fabricated at the request of Jim Leet of Marine Concepts. His instructions are "make it bulletproof." So a large, well-burned-in weld with an extra strap for secure fastening

will be included. The rudder and hull repairs are finished and I am looking forward to re-installing the new rudder stock which will bring *Belle* back to new.

I have replaced the VHF radio with a West Marine 650. This is a great VHF radio

with full submersion capability, DSC-C capability with all international channels. It has a three-year warranty. I have two VHF antennas available, one on each mast. Changing antennas is a simple matter of unscrewing one coaxial cable and screwing on another.

## About Belle



*Belle* is a 1991 SeaPearl 28 sailing cat-ketch. She is rigged with free-standing carbon fiber masts with a simple folding system that makes launch and retrieval as well as lowering the masts for bridges a simple and doable process. Launch time is about 30 minutes and retrieval is around 40 minutes to road ready. Her sails are full battened with a full roach for maximum upwind capability. She sits on an aluminum and stainless trailer on rolls. Suspension is supported by stainless torsion bars so rust is not a worry. The trailer lights are sealed, making the lighting system impervious to salt water.

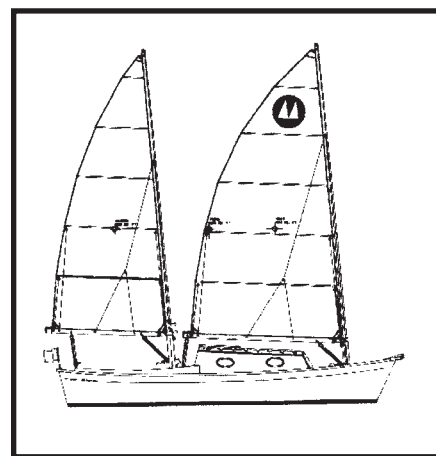
*Belle's* interior offers distinctly camp-style accommodations with storage and living arrangements quite adequate in an uncluttered cabin. Her V-berth is gigantic and very comfortable with flow through ventilation overhead and an available turbo fan. All hatches and ports are screened. I have a chain weighted companionway screen as well. I have added LED interior lighting to save on battery use. The sliding galley offers water from her two 14gal flex tanks via foot pump. The two burner alcohol stove is covered with a chopping board. Underneath there is plenty of storage for kitchen utensils and alcohol. I can easily stock her lockers with supplies food and water for a month's voyaging.

The cockpit is overly large by my reckoning at 8'. Luckily it drains rapidly into the motor well. There is a complete cabin enclosure with a choice of screen for warm weather or plastipane for cool or inclement weather.

Her two group 27 deep cycle batteries are charged by a large 80 watt solar array as

well as the motor generator. Electronic instruments include a Garmin 198C, an ACR Rapid Fix EPIRB with GPS connection, and a Raymarine Autohelm 1000 with GPS cross correction NEMA signal connection. For communication she has an ICOM 422 with DSC signaling enabled. For AC and battery charging I carry a Honda 1000 watt/10 amp DC charger. The electric start 18hp Nissan outboard in a well also provides charging to the battery bank.

Her full battened sails have three reef points at the ready. She can take around 35kts on two reef points. I am judging that 45kts would not be unreasonable with three reef points. After that it's bare poles. I plan to obtain a drogue for safely running off in a big blow.



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Kathy and I recently spent a week in Kerala on the southwest coast of India. Kerala is like Holland in that huge shallow lakes behind the coast have been made into a crazy quilt of polders, the rice fields a meter or so below the level of the water in the web of canals. Pumping stations lift the water into the canals to drain the polders. Canal dikes are earthen edged with rock, lined with coconut palms (and some oil palms), occupied with a pretty continuous line of houses. Rickety 50' government ferries run 20 hours a day through big canals and small, taking people between the towns. It's a subsidized bus service. Densely populated. Been like this since way before the Brits left, in the old days the pumps were human powered 24/7. Now electric.

Out for a walk in the coastal city of Alleppey before dawn on Sunday, February 1, 2009. I can see the Southern Cross. Near the bus park there's a series of tea shops, each a dark hole with a vendor out front lit by a kerosene smudge, a baby beer can with a vertical tube out the top with a string wick sprouting a 3" yellow smoky flame. I duck inside the last one. The guy stands behind a two-burner LP gas flat plate, the right one a pot simmering dilute milk, the left one used to make the tea whenever a customer approaches, the smudge standing between them. He adds some of the hot milk to the left pot, adds tea and masala, brings it to a simmer, puts sugar in a metal beaker, strains the tea into the beaker, pours the tea from way overhead into another beaker held down below his hip to cool and mix, and fills a little glass tumbler. I accept gratefully.

The customer sifting next to me in the dark starts a conversation, he has limited English. Name is Chandy, rhymes with candy. Works some with a houseboat rental and some as a night fisherman. He's thin, tall, has short grey beard and hair, dignified and bright, walks very upright, near 50 I'd guess, an open direct regard.

Later in the day I seek him out at the boat rental shack (one of the smaller such establishments). I ask him if I could go out night fishing with him. He takes me through a dark shabby restaurant to the canal at the back, where three heavy, big, canoe-like boats sit in the water. Says to meet him here between 4 and 5 this evening, we'll be back 5:30 in the morning. Says to bring some food for myself.

I'm at the restaurant at 4:30pm. Nobody. Boats unchanged. I wait until 5:30pm. Can't eat or have tea, it's the fast day for Zimbabwe. Everyone's curious about my Obama cap. Maybe one in six have enough English to attempt a conversation. I go to the boat rental, no Chandy. I learn where Chandy's house is from the guy there, it's not too far from the restaurant, I check it out but don't intrude. Apparently Chandy's mother died 30 days ago Saturday, so Saturday was some sort of official mourning day. Nice cow though, white with big black spots but slightly humped.

I go back to the boat rental, there's Chandy. The boat he goes out on isn't going out tonight, can't get ice. We wander out to the point (footbridge over the canal, series of narrow paths between walls of houses and yards, path along rocks at edge of canal, teeter along a palm log over a swampy bit) to where a fisherman is drying and mending nets. No, he's not going either. Some women and children have a boat that's a perfectly round 7' diameter flat basket, gummed and tarred, paddled, to cross the canal with. We go back to the restaurant and part, I'm to try again this evening at 4:30.

## A Week in Kerala

By John Fairfield

That day Kate and I take one of the subsidized ferries. Six rupees each (12 cents) for an hour and a half run out, six rupees for the run back. The boat stops every kilometer or so along the canals at boat landings, sometimes just two split logs out to a couple of pilings, sometimes a real concrete jetty with a roof and concrete benches edging the projecting slab.

Passengers are various, men heading for work, some reading newspapers, families, a lot of kids get on in school uniforms and eventually get out at various Jesuit schools in the polders. They chatter, swap cricket cards, brave a "What is your name?" Men reading papers in Malayalam, the local language. Nearly nobody speaks Hindi. The language is very rapid and polysyllabic, it sounds like auctioneers' patter. It made for an interesting sung mass on Sunday, auctioneers doing the RC liturgy. A large minority is Christian (RC and Syrian Orthodox, both claiming spiritual descent from St Thomas who came to Kerala in first century), most are Hindu, many are Muslim.

At 4:30 that evening there are some guys working on the boats behind the restaurant. No Chandy though. None of them have any English. I help bail out a boat, help load ice. They use some kind of recycled flimsy styrofoam box reinforced with duct tape, maybe 30"x24"x16" deep, to hold ice and eventually, I suppose, fish. It just fits between the gunnels. When I go back into the restaurant to buy food for the night the boats leave without me. I head out towards the point I'd gone to with Chandy yesterday and catch up with the boats, they don't stop.

I go back, Chandy is at the rental shack, it's clear he's not a boat owner and a boat is three guys livelihood. We talk. I offer to share some of the food I've bought (spicy and salty potato donut shapes, fried plantains, a pie slice of some translucent stiff grey jelly stuff that's sweet and spicy with crunchy things). He borrows a bike to go off and talk to some other boatmen, no go. He comes back and says we will meet with the other boatmen when they come in in the morning. I'm to be at the tea shop where I first met Chandy, at 5:30am tomorrow morning to discuss with them and get clarity.

The next morning, Chandy shows up at the tea shop at about 6:15am. We go watch the boats come paddling slowly in the dawn, but the boat he's waiting for doesn't come. We walk a kilometer along the canal downtown (west, Alleppey is on the coast between the canal network and the ocean) to where the boats unload for the fish market. There are many boats. People there say Chandy's people apparently came in early. We walk to the fish market, meet with the guys from Chandy's team, much fruitless discussion in Malayalam.

We walk back to the unloading boat place and talk to another group there in two boats. The leader seems to be a strong stocky guy in early 40s, he's a quiet, confident type. Chandy talks to him, he readily agrees. His name is Babaraj. Chandy says I'm to come 4pm this evening here, to the unloading place. Chandy won't be along and none of them speak English beyond a few basic words. There's a long discussion. Chandy says I'm to bring food for myself and there's something else, something to do with a bur-

lap bag(?) that Chandy doesn't have words for, I never quite understand.

I come at 4pm in a long sleeved shirt and shorts, packing a T-shirt and a dear old sweater in case it gets cool, a bottle of water, deet, and food from the restaurant close to Chandy's place. Nobody. After five minutes a couple of guys show up messing with another boat. Then a few more, bearing bundled nets and gear in large aluminum basins. At 4:30pm Babaraj shows up, smiling at me. All the men are wearing dhotis, like cotton sheets wrapped around their waists making skirts down to their ankles. But then they take the lower edges and flip them up and tuck them round their waists, too, shortening the skirts to knee height. Much discussion of where to put gear, it looks like our group is six men besides me in two boats.

One of the boats is 20'+ long, made of heavy black jackfruit planks sewn together with caulking of some sort sewn against the inner seams. There are four thwarts. In the prow they put a heavy board with one end a V fitting into the prow, the other end sloping up to the first thwart. In the stern there's a similar but more level board. Plastic bottles of water stowed under the board in the prow, then the big aluminum basin of gear, then the flimsy icebox, then a big pile of net. The other boat is of dark green fiberglass laid up by hand but it, too, is nearly black with tar, smaller and much lighter than the first boat. I can see some sort of ribs under the surface every 9" or so, the whole thing free form and organic looking, clearly not made from any kind of regular mold.

They make me a spot sitting on the floor of the smaller boat with my legs around the gear basin but I protest, motioning my desire to paddle, so they move me to the larger boat and perch me on the forward plank. We're finally off. I help turn the boat with a pulling slash stroke, then paddle. Much commentary, I believe to the effect that hey, he really has been in a boat before. The paddles are dark wood, narrow blades. We head east out the canal (it's maybe 20 yards wide, filthy) under bridges, much floating water hyacinth, then they steer us toward the south bank just short of the government ferry loading area. Babaraj says, "Stop." The youngest guy gets out. Babaraj asks me, "Smoke?"

Me, "No, I don't smoke."

Babaraj, "Rinse?"

Me, "Rinse?"

Babaraj, "Rinse," with motion of drinking from a bottle.

Ding! I say, "I pay for the alcohol?"

The young guy says, "Beer? Rum?"

I say, "Beer for me, how many rupees?" 200. I hand him 200 rupees (\$4), he disappears up the bank, comes back in a couple minutes with a bottle of Kingfisher beer and two bottles of rum. Wonderful to know that the International Boating Conventions hold, the newbie buys the booze and he's in, no other currency needed.

We head past the government ferry, a small race develops with the other boat, I dig in and don't let it catch us, much comment. We see Chandy, he's come to stand in a boat in front of the boat rental shack, he smiles and waves. The canal heads out of town past sunken boats, a temple, houses, past the point where Chandy and I had gone the first day, out into a large basin where canals head off in different directions. There's a long row of parked houseboats with woven reed roofs extending away to the left. These ply the canal





Footbridge over the mouth of a small canal.



Traveling hardware store.

network with tourists, mostly wealthy Indians and some westerners. The houseboats are double ended and big, I'd guess up to 50' and beamy, the larger can take several families in luxury on two decks, made of the same sewn jackfruit planks as my canoe.

There's a small island nearly completely roofed with a high modern steel roof, "Nehru Pavilion" lettered on the massive beams. The high roof shades a shallow amphitheater of broad (2.5 meter) curved cement ledges, the whole 100m x 20m wide, very spacious. I surmise it's used in the main tourist season for displays of some sort but it's deserted now save for the boatmen who use it as a staging area for net repairs. We tie up against the back side, there are two bathrooms with water on the floors, I don't go in, they're clearly not being maintained.

The guys unload the nets and work along them making repairs. The sun goes down and the light starts to fail. Some eat a supper but apparently this is not the meal I was supposed to pack food for, that will be later. I'm offered hardboiled egg halves battered in curry and deep fried and similarly battered sardines. The young guy gets out the rum. I drink my beer. They carefully meter the rum into a decapitated soda bottle and cut it generously with water. I'm offered a finger of rum, I take mine neat. They offer me a tea tumbler full, neat. I object that's too much, take a sip. A similar tumbler is placed in front of Babaraj,

House on canal bank.



he drains it at one pull. Not to be outdone, I drain mine. He smiles. No ill effects. It's labeled 42% alcohol but by taste it's maybe half that. The men introduce themselves: Babaraj (42), George (53), Raju (the young guy [30] on my boat), Joseph, Stevan, Servan on the other boat.

They finish working on the nets, I think I know how to do their knot now. The long nets have little floats on one edge, other edge seems heavy, maybe two meters between the two edges. We get back on boats, settle into a fast rhythm in the dusk, everybody paddling. We paddle past another small island decked out as a temple, past a snake boat (google "kerala snake boat," some of the videos show the canal banks with houses, canoes like the one I was in, etc), west through a canal, out across a larger canal or river turning somewhat north, stop at a tea shop. Babaraj buys us tea, gives me a tasty fried curry ball of potato and herbs. They don't use star names, I guess they don't need global navigation in a canal world.

We paddle north on river, I don't see the other boat any more, west on small crooked canal, and as dark really closes in we stop at a shop to buy kerosene or some kind of light oil for the smudge lamps that they hook onto the gunnels with twists of wire, a couple on each boat. We emerge into a larger canal or river going N/S. The ferries are still running, the houses on the banks have occasional electric

House and tea shop.



bulbs shining, people are walking about, or washing selves, dishes, children, clothing.

The net is set. It starts with a float on a line to the high edge, a brick on a line to the low. It is set parallel to the shore 10' away, George standing to play out the net, keeping it untwisted, me helping to shove away floating water hyacinth. That net is long, maybe 200 meters. Once set, we wait maybe two minutes, then start pulling it from the end we just set. As George pulls the net Babaraj and Raju strip off their dhotis and shirts and get in the water (!) and swim/walk ahead of the boat between the net and the bank, I suppose to flush fish into the net. I bail out water that soaks out of the net pile and fling hyacinth. George picks the very occasional bream out of the net, tossing them into the ice box. We set and pull the net, then move to a fresh bit of river bank, set and pull the net, etc, all along the shore opposite the big Catholic school where Kate and I saw all the school-girls get out of the ferry that morning. We do this about five times until after 11pm.

We get out on a ferry landing and eat our midnight meal. I put my foodstuffs, spicy salty potato and herb donuts, fried bananas, pale jelly pie, in the middle of the group (on scrap newspaper on the cement slab of the jetty) where they've put their stuff, mostly rice with curry toppings, and we all sit around, but basically each guy eats his own stuff.



Rice paddies below the water level.



Houseboats for the tourist trade.

Raju brings out the rum again. Babaraj appears to say we should wait until we get somewhere. Neither he nor I drink. We sit around on the concrete benches of the jetty, sleepy. I stretch out on the bench but Babaraj rouses and we get back in the boat to paddle 45 minutes or so east through a small canal, north along a big canal or river, east on another small canal, north on another big canal to a roofed concrete ferry landing on the west side. The other boat is still fishing along this bank. They're getting more fish, and different, some larger.

My guys stretch out on the floor or the benches of the jetty using their dhotis, they each brought two, as sheets to lie on and wrap themselves in. So that was what they were telling me to bring, not burlap bags! I put on my sweater, stretch out on a bench, put my T-shirt over my legs and had a couple of plastic bags into a palm-sized ball to cushion my head or cheekbone. Much turning as my legs, hips, get uncomfortable fairly quickly but I actually sleep intermittently. Several groups come and go, sleeping on the floor. I'm not cold. It's a gorgeous night.

They rouse around 3am. The other boat is still fishing, still catching. They pull their

net quickly the last time, leaving the fish in it, and both boats head west on small canal, stop beside a house dimly seen in the dark. Babaraj speaks a name, a sleepy voice replies from the house. Sounds of an LP gas burner being lit. After a bit a woman emerges, cups of tea. We drink, collect tea tumblers, depart, but they tell me to stop paddling. The two boats move side by side very slowly, a few meters apart, Babaraj (now on other boat) picking fish and mending net by the light of a smudge lamp and George (my boat) mending net. It's still and very beautiful, there's little quiet talk in the dark. We move slowly past the snake boat, the temple island, and back to the pavilion.

At the pavilion we wander about a bit, mend nets, then slowly head towards town. On the way in, the boats side by side, I turn and thank each man by name. They smile. We get back to the fish market loading spot and unload the boats. They pull their flip flops out of the storm drain they'd stuffed them into on departure, nobody save boaters could get them there. We've got one large aluminum basin full of fish, not much for six men and me, most of the fish from the second boat.

The nets are piled on tarp squares, opposite corners pulled up and tied over the nets to make heavy bundles. All save Joseph, Babaraj, and Raju have gone, shouldering the gear and fish. I make to leave. Raju beckons me up to sit beside him on the high curb where we've balanced the net bundles. He admires my sweater (old, thin green wool, got it used in Cornwall on a trip there, a favorite). I pull it off and offer it to him, he takes it. I stand.

By gesture Raju asks for money. I say what about Joseph? What about Babaraj? I say this openly, offering, to their faces. Babaraj motions me down to him, I approach and he says "go." We smile, I wave and am off. I walk to the bus park, past the tea shop to Chandy's workplace, he's there. I thank him and give him an Obama cap to match mine. He invites me to tea at his house. We go. I meet two of his six brothers, Chandy's the youngest of seven. Hearing that we're leaving on the morrow he invites Kate and me to lunch (they normally don't eat midday). I head back to the hotel.

To finish, Kate and I have a wonderful time with Chandy's wife Grace at midday. Chandy is there briefly then off to work. We go swim in the Indian Ocean that afternoon, and take the 28-hour overnight train to Mumbai the next day. Then Heathrow and Dulles to home. India is incredible.

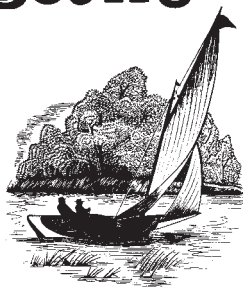
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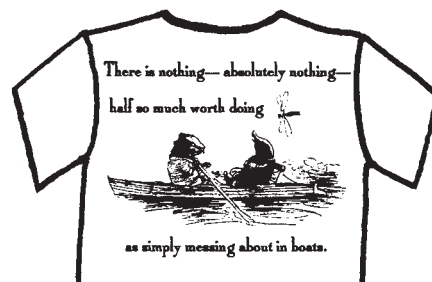
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# Cortez in January

By Jenny Thompson and Andy Slavinkas  
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*  
Newsletter of the Delaware River TSCA

On a breezy 80-degree day in January we stopped in Cortez at the Florida Maritime Museum. Andy and I were between visits to parents in Cape Coral and Tarpon Springs and wanted to see the museum about which we had heard so much and whose spring Messabout is said to rival MASCF's.

On an initial approach, one could easily drive past the narrow warren of streets that make up the fishing village of Cortez. The highway skirts the town to the north and the mesmerizing flow of traffic and billboards seem designed to carry one across the bridge to Anna Maria Island. Resist the temptation and take a left at the sign for the Florida Maritime Museum. A whitewashed brick schoolhouse from 1912 has been painstakingly restored and now holds the offices and galleries of the museum. Upon entering we were warmly greeted by Sam Bell, a museum volunteer who described the history of the schoolhouse and its restoration, pointing to his own face in the class photographs lining the entrance hall and explaining that members of his family (though not himself) had fished in Cortez for generations.

We had begun a self-guided tour of the galleries devoted to the history of the village and its commercial fishing industry when we heard Roger Allen's voice and announced our arrival to him. Andy and I joined the Delaware River TSCA chapter after Roger had left Philadelphia for warmer waters, but we have gotten to know him at MASCF. As the historic site manager for the Florida Maritime Museum, Roger is responsible for the upkeep and restoration of several buildings (at least six by our count), countless docks and waterfront structures as well as more than 100 acres of nature preserve. An immense portion of his time is dedicated to fund-raising efforts to keep the non-profit organization going and to fuel ambitious future plans. He graciously took several hours out of his afternoon to show us around the extended campus of the museum and to give us a detailed look at its projects, mission, and community.

It would be impossible to separate the museum from the fishing village of Cortez, indeed, they are parts of a single historic district linked by variances, planning boards and preservation organizations. The museum itself is a collaborative effort involving the Florida Institute of Saltwater Heritage (FISH), the Cortez Village Historical Society and the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Manatee County. It sits on the edge of a small village which is home to about 4,500 people. Spread over a ten-block area, the modest wooden bungalows of Cortez were rebuilt after a devastating hurricane in 1921 and rest directly on small plots of land, exempt by their historic status from regulations which require such structures elsewhere in Florida to be raised on stilts.

Cortez has a casual neighborly feel, partly due to its 1920s architecture but undoubtedly also due to the generations who have lived and fished there. In the late 1880s nine families from Carteret County, North Carolina, settled in Cortez on the site of an earlier Indian settlement. Lured by the remarkable fishery there and reassured by the



The main entrance to the museum, a former schoolhouse.

protected harbor, the families continue to fish the waters off of Cortez today despite dramatic changes in the commercial fishing industry. A short walk down the street from the museum leads to a boatyard with recreational and commercial vessels, piles of nets, traps, and fish scales.

Cortez is not a quaint historic town filled with shops and tourist attractions; its primary amenities for visitors are a brisk breeze and a good meal at one of the local waterfront restaurants. In coastal Florida, too often dominated by condominium towers, golf courses and malls, these are good, refreshing qualities. People were welcoming and a sense of community thrives.

The museum's mission is "to gather, preserve and interpret Florida Gulf Coast Maritime Heritage, with special emphasis on the historic fishing village of Cortez as a traditional maritime community within the greater context of Florida's Maritime history, maritime history in general and the natural world." It does this in a variety of ways, including the preservation of buildings, boats and land around Cortez.

Although the museum building only opened in 2006, conservation efforts date back to 1999 when nearly 100 acres of undeveloped land just to the east of the village were purchased by FISH. This area is known locally as "the kitchen" and is, as the name suggests, an important fisheries habitat. Preserving this wetland area has involved the removal of non-native and invasive species such as Australian pine and Brazilian pepper trees, meeting EPA and DOT regulations and skillful negotiation with stubborn neighbors over easements. Another priority of the museum is to preserve the maritime history and craftsmanship of the region, and an active boat building program has been a part of the museum since Roger's arrival in 2002.

Our tour with Roger included visits to three boat shops, two near the museum cluster and one in the center of the village. Projects underway include the restoration of a 1964 Sea Sailor, a boat designed in Coconut Grove, Florida, by Ralph Munroe's son Wirth. It is protected by a unique boat storage shed created from two shipping containers and a blue tarp. A former ranch home nearby is being converted into another boat shop. There an intern from New College has begun to build a 20' Paul Gartside surf boat, the second boat to be built from the molds. The first

was launched by the Jacksonville Red Cross Amateur Lifesaving Association in 2007.

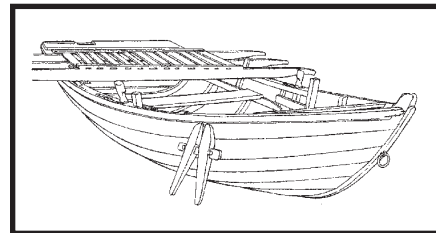
A temporary boatshop in the village has been the site of most of the museum's construction and restoration work to date. A stretched version of a 13' rowboat that will be rowed down the Missouri River to Florida and an Abaco dinghy under restoration were in the shop. *Esperanza*, the Cuban sailing vessel that won the People's Choice Award at MASCF 2008, is stored just outside. We visited on a Tuesday when the workshops were fairly quiet, but three days a week they bustle with more than thirty volunteers, all guided by workshop director Bob Pitt.

As museum professionals, Andy and I cannot help but have immense admiration and appreciation for the enormous efforts that have gone into the creation of the museum and its restoration and conservation projects.

Thanks to Roger's efforts and the support of the community, the museum is evolving quickly; the 1890 Burton Store building was recently moved to the museum campus and is undergoing restoration. There are also hopes of an expansion along the waterfront that will help ensure the museum's future.

Two annual events welcome visitors and sailors to Cortez each spring. The Cortez Fishing Festival, held on the third weekend in February, celebrates the commercial seafood industry. A major source of fund-raising for FISH, the Festival attracts more than 20,000 people to the village each year. In mid-April the museum hosts a smaller (but we hope no less distinguished) group of visitors at the Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival. There is camping on the grounds of the nature preserve, an informal cookout with live music, seminars and gunkhole cruises around Sarasota and Tampa Bays. This year's Small Craft Festival runs from April 14 to 22.

We are grateful to Roger for spending his time with us and hope to return next year, perhaps for one of the spring events.



Along the coast of North Wales in a 16' Opera. (Operas were designed for the Hoylake Sailing Club on the Wirral in 1902. They are clinker-built with pivoting steel centerplate, high-peaked standing lug sail, jib set on a short bowsprit, and asymmetric spinnaker. There are 15 in existence, all owned by members of the Club except for one in the Liverpool Maritime Museum.)

If a boat is designed for sailing then she should be sailed. She shouldn't be driven by an engine or towed on a trailer, especially if she's a wooden boat of old design. I'm sure more damage is done to such boats through loading and unloading, rattling along roads, or being rough-handled by club motor launches, forcing them to go more quickly than their design intended, than was ever done simply by sailing them. So having been obliged, through lack of suitable weather, to tow my Opera *Iolanthe* by road from the Wirral to Beaumaris in order to join the rest of the class fleet to take part in the Menai Strait Regattas Series, I was determined that I would at least sail her home afterwards.

The week in Beaumaris joining in the Regattas was a novelty for my family and myself; the bustling, the high spirits, the dozens of boats in the melee jostling at the line, quite exciting really but we tend not to take the racing seriously enough to do well at it, there are too many interesting distractions and normally we only participate occasionally because it's what the rest of the Club fleet does. The highlight for us was the Puffin Island Race; from Beaumaris, down the Strait, round Puffin Island, which lies off the eastern tip of Anglesey, and back. Ten sea miles in all.

It seemed that of the 150 or so boats taking part, only we were intent on scanning the island with binoculars for interesting birds rather than concentrating on the set of the spinnaker, and eating sandwiches and enjoying a flask of coffee with the backdrop of the magnificent North Wales coast rather than focusing on race tactics, which was not a formula for winning, but we had excellent fun.

A prolonged spell of squally weather followed the Regattas. During this time *Iolanthe* was moored fore and aft to anchors at the bottom of the shingle behind Gallows Point where she was well sheltered and a club member living locally who recognized the boat kindly offered to keep an eye on her for me.

## With Great Britain's Dinghy Cruisers

### Sailing 40 Miles Slowly

By John Hughes  
Reprinted from the *DCA Bulletin*  
Dinghy Cruising Association (UK)  
Newsletter – Winter 2008

On subsequent weekends I met DCA members Edwin Dewhirst, by chance, weather-bound in Caernarvon, and Colin Bell, by arrangement, in Port Dinorwic, hoping to sail, but opportunity did not arise until the following weekend at the DCA rally in the Menai Strait. Alan Barker joined me as crew and we sailed *Iolanthe* through the Strait to meet other members at Port Dinorwic sailing down to Abermenai Point. Alan came prepared, bringing his own outboard engine, VHF radio, and GPS and I must say that we were glad of the engine for a few brief periods during the course of the weekend when the breeze failed, exposing us to the vagaries of the tide, for *Iolanthe* is a heavy boat to row.

In the second week in September the forecast showed some prospect of weather suitable to make the eastward passage along the coast. John Hudson, a new club member, was keen to join me as crew and my wife Alix generously offered to drive us to Beaumaris before dawn on Friday 12th. John came prepared, bringing his own outboard engine and two spare canisters of petrol. Gradually we emerged through drizzle along the coast road into the growing light of dawn which revealed a fantastic seascape of shrouded headlands, and as we looked the low clouds dispersed before our eyes and the sun came up as we crossed the Menai Bridge.

The spectacle of Beaumaris Bay needs to be described. George Borrow (in *Wild Wales*, 1862) said this of the scene, "I proceeded at once to the castle, and clambering to the top of one of the turrets, looked upon

Beaumaris Bay, and the noble rocky coast of the mainland to the southeast beyond it, the most remarkable object of which is the gigantic Penman Mawr, which interpreted is 'the great head-stone,' the termination of a range of craggy hills descending from the Snowdon mountains. 'What a bay!' said I, 'for beauty it is superior to the far-famed one of Naples. A proper place for the keels to start from which, unguided by the compass, found their way over the mighty and mysterious Western Ocean.'"

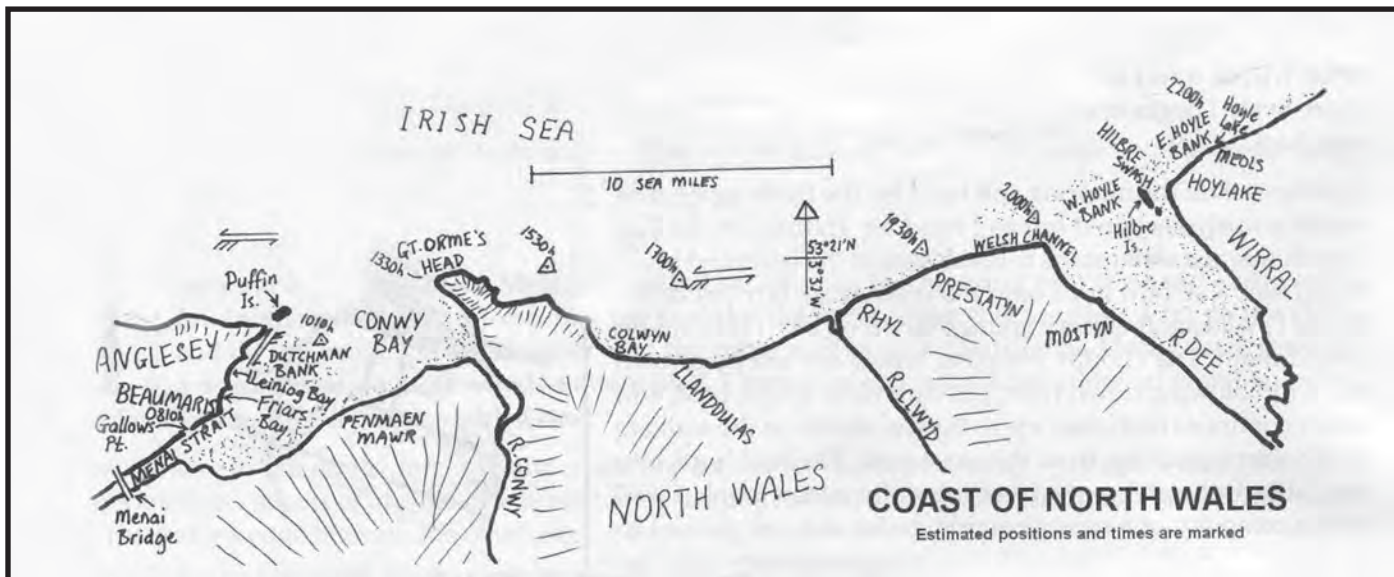
Borrow was referring to Madoc ab Owain Gwynedd's reputed 12th century explorations across the Atlantic Ocean, we were bound for the Wirral, a mere 40 miles away, but were moved by the same sentiments.

It was indeed a beautiful scene with wisps of mist slowly evaporating in the sun and completely quiet at that hour and completely still, so still that I had to concede, "Actually, John, we might need your outboard after all," and I started a series of mental calculations concerning range and fuel consumption.

The tide floated *Iolanthe* at 0800h and we weighed anchor and set sail at ten-past. By this time there was a slight southwesterly air, enough to move us slowly through the moorings but barely enough for us to run over the incoming tide in the main channel. The tide would be foul in the Strait until high water at 1000h so it seemed a good time to test the engine, but we ran it only until we were off Friar's Bay where I deemed we had sufficient breeze to move under sail. So here started our Odyssey. It was to take us 14 hours to reach our destination, moving at walking pace.

Our speed over the ground varied from 1.8 knots against the ebb under the Great Orme's Head, to more than 4 knots with the flood approaching the Point of Air. We gybed three times; from port to starboard tack off Lleiog Bay when we altered course to leave the Strait to cross the Dutchman Bank in the direction of the Great Orme's Head, to port tack when the breeze veered from SW to NW midway across Conwy Bay, and briefly back to starboard again when 12 hours later we reached our destination and sailed into the moorings inside the East Hoyle Bank.

We flew the spinnaker almost the whole way from leaving the Strait until after sunset off Prestatyn, we found the boat much better





balanced under spinnaker, allowing the helm to be left unattended for long periods, secured only by elastic cord. John trailed a mackerel line nearly the whole way and caught one fish, he said that if he were a real fisherman he'd have a variety of different-sized feathers to use at different boat speeds, and I retorted that if I were a real sailor I'd not allow anything to slow us down by dragging in the water!

Approaching the Great Orme in Conwy Bay we spotted a pod of three dolphins leisurely breaking the surface at intervals as though they were attached to the rim of a great submerged revolving wheel, first moving one way, then the other. They came within about 100 yards but seemed to pay us no attention. Sailing close under the cliffs of the Great Orme's Head was spectacular, the limestone is riddled with innumerable caves and overhangs and the rocks of the lower third of the cliff immediately below the old lighthouse bear resemblance to a dragon's face and head thrusting out to sea, which I imagine would appear to be quite menacing in certain light. We saw several gannets, shearwaters, terns, and cormorants as well as the usual gulls.

At about 1700h, with the prominent quarries of Llanddulas abeam we first spotted the low-lying land of the Wirral on the horizon and about the same time Holyhead Mountain and Parys Mountain, the last visible prominences on Anglesey, sank out of sight astern. We felt that these events should be marked by a small celebration and split a can of beer, for although we were slightly less than halfway by distance, the duration was more than half since from this point we'd have the flood tide with us.

We gradually closed the coast off Rhyl, and by sunset off Prestatyn, had to douse



John Hughes on *Iolanthe*.

the spinnaker in order to lay the correct course across the mouth of the Dee. It was already quite dark as we neared the Point of Air in the fourth hour of flood when a large wind-farm service vessel approached on our port quarter apparently aiming to enter the Welsh Channel into the Dee, she sounded three blasts on her horn ("my engines are running in reverse") and altered course through one of the branch channels, then crossed our bow and continued up to Mostyn. Whether she'd altered course for us I don't know, we'd frantically shone all our lamps at her and on our white sails but I suspect she was just having to manoeuvre to stay in the channel.

However, we'd been slightly unnerved and since the breeze had all but died and drops of rain were starting to fall, we started the engine once more and motored directly across the West Hoyle Bank towards the HE3 buoy which marks the Hilbre Swash on the east side of the estuary. I could feel, though, that *Iolanthe* did not like the engine, she rat-

tled and jarred in all the wrong places and we had to sit her stern down, out of trim. After the fuel tank ran dry we continued under sail since the breeze had returned and found this much preferable because we could better judge our distance off the East Hoyle Bank by ear.

At exactly high water we cut across the Bank into the Hoyle Lake and there dropped anchor. We had made it. What John had not realized before we set off was that no member of the Club had sailed an *Opera* between the Menai Strait and the Wirral for at least a decade, and probably two, so we congratulated ourselves on something of an achievement. We drank the boat dry (of remaining whisky and beer, that is) while waiting for the water to subside, then walked home.

One of the interesting aspects of owning an old wooden boat is not knowing which part will fall off next. Next morning I was out early to tidy up and put her on her mooring. I merely touched the engine mounting bracket and it simply fell off in my hand. I believe she sloughed it off in disgust at the abominable usage.

### For more information about the DCA

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## River Racing in Hungary

By Steve Layden

In May 2008 I joined my brother and his family on their vacation to Eastern Europe. One of our stops was a quaint town named Gyor, Hungary, which is located at the confluence of three rivers and has a nice little flatwater boating community. The day we were exploring the town there happened to be a regatta of racing canoes, as shown in the pictures. I didn't see how long the race was but I tend to think it was more of a sprint, maybe a kilometer or less. The most interesting thing about them is the paddling stance, the paddlers kneel on one knee with the other leg pointing forward and both feet braced between bulkheads or blocks in the bottom of the boat. Propelled with single blade paddles, steering was accomplished by a combination of leaning and switching sides.

It was hard to tell for sure but the hulls may have been asymmetrical to allow for paddling on the dominant side most of the time. I would guess that they were fiberglass and carbon fiber construction, similar to racing canoes we are used to. The boats were definitely built for speed, being roughly 20' long by 15" wide. With the narrow beam it appeared to take considerable skill to master the boat. While we didn't see anyone actually go over, there was a significant gap between the well-practiced leaders and the stragglers, who tended to weave about more noticeably. If I'd been able to speak more than three words in Hungarian it would have been tempting to ask to take one out for a quick spin!



**July 23, Salt Ponds:** The Gods have smiled and, assuming it's not our imagination, we will actually leave tomorrow for a cruise of the Chesapeake. We have been planning to leave for several weeks but everything has intervened. On our first shake-down cruise our autohelm had a stroke and started steering us in circles, our weather station fried itself, our primary GPS insisted we were in China, faced with 95° heat our air conditioner decided to take a vacation, and the compass developed an aneurism. Many hundreds of dollars later all is well. Well not really, both the autohelm and air conditioner started to work on their own, lulling us into complacency so that they could surprise us later at the most inconvenient time.

The weekend before last our daughter and her family joined us. The plan was to arrive on Thursday, sail on Friday, start home (Atlanta) on Saturday. The Gods laughed. Friday, small craft warning and 20+ knots winds. Saturday turned out to be a perfect 15 knots from the SW which meant offshore and plenty of wind with no waves. So they put off their trip back and off to sail we went. Normally we put the first reef in at 15+ so what to do? When we were in the slip every time the boat tipped one of the girls would ask if we were going to tip over. We mistook this for fear rather than a desire for excitement. Little did we know and mislead, we put a double reef in and set off for a sedate sail. The kids were beyond bored.

Out came the reefs and over 30 degrees we went. They loved it. Walking around on the sloping, plunging deck we were sure they would fall overboard, but as we learned they only fall overboard in the slip. One daughter was sitting on the stern. Nothing to worry about there at all. Until splash! "I am in the water." She had seen a couple of jellyfish and tried to use the folding ladder to get back into the cockpit. It started to fold and into the water she went. The surprising thing is that without the aid of the ladder she got back on board before any of us could get to her and not one of us knows how she did it. I understand that she has by now turned all this into a very interesting story. I wonder who she got that from?

We have been ready to leave since Monday and all we have had was small craft warnings. Tomorrow we leave.

**July 24, Sandy Point, Great Wicomico:** We left. We had the assurances of 10-15kt winds from the SW through next Monday. Perfect except that the winds were actually from the south, a very bad point of heading for a boat with swept back spreaders heeling north and... so we motored and all was well for a while. We saw what Kay thought was a large school of dolphin. I thought it was a pod of dolphin. Whichever, it was a thrill as always. Dolphin along with pelicans were a rare site when we first came up here and today we saw plenty of both. Nice day.

I usually plan to motor at 7 knots but pulling the dinghy I am satisfied with 6.5 knots and that was pretty much what we were doing until around noon when our speed slowly decreased: 5.5 knots, 5 knots, 4.5 knots, 3.9 knots. Yikes. What was wrong? Well, we were getting our speed from the (new) GPS as our knotmeter, which worked flawlessly last week, was dead. Knotmeters measure speed through the water and the GPS measures speed over ground. So there can be differences in what they report but unless we encountered a south-flowing

## Waterlogged

### Being a Chronicle of Ten Years of Misadventures Cruising Chesapeake Bay and Pamlico Sound

#### Part 7

#### Lower Upper Pasquotank 2002

By Carl Adler

Gulf Stream in Chesapeake Bay, that wasn't the explanation. The only thing we could think of was that we had snagged something with our prop and were towing a silent and unappreciated partner.

I knew what that meant. When we anchored I would have to dive to clear the prop. When you think of this, imagine a 63-year-old ping pong ball attempting to do this. Not a pretty thought. When I was in high school I could free dive to 60' (it was a contest so I know) and hold my breath for three minutes, now I can hold my breath for 60 seconds and deep dive to 3'.

After lunch we turned on the weather radio and the same cretins who had been promising us SW winds for several days said that it was about to switch to the north. Damn! As if on a switch it promptly switched (though lightly so, but a predicted 10 to 15 from the NE tomorrow is not what we want).

Several times during the day the *Great Wicomico* passed us by, not the river, the menhaden boat. The river by that name houses a menhaden fleet. If you don't know what a menhaden is, imagine a combination of a cod's liver and a school of anchovies and you have got it. I actually love anchovy sandwiches but I understand that to be an acquired taste. The next to last time the *Great Wicomico* passed us it was close by to starboard and at the same time a motor yacht passed us close by to port. We were shaken violently, after which our speed increased to 7 knots. Thank the Lord for inconsiderate boaters. I am high and dry as I write this and will remain so tonight.

Overheard:

Boater: "Unintelligible."

Coast Guard: "This is the Coast Guard Eastern Shore."

Boater: "Unintelligible."

Coast Guard: "Sir, do you know what body of water you are on?"

Boater: "Unintelligible."

Coast Guard: "You know like Delaware Bay, Potomac River, Atlantic Ocean?"

Boater: "Unintelligible."

I can only imagine what the boater was saying.

**July 26, Spring Cove Marina Solomons:** Yesterday was a beautiful day for a transit if one didn't want to sail. The winds were light from the NNE and the day was relatively cool. As we motored north I wondered what I would have to write about. I need not have worried.

We did have to cross the mouth of the Potomac and that has always been rough even on a calm day in the past. But here, too, we were to be disappointed, it would turn out to be very calm. The only excitement was when we were approaching the Smith Point Light navigation marker, "sp," marking the south-

ern border of the Potomac. Kay was steering, we were in deep water. No traffic around, nothing was happening, and Kay suddenly called out "13 feet" meaning the depth finder was showing only 13 feet of water. While that would have been satisfactory on Pamlico or Albemarle Sound it was very alarming in this deepwater part of the Bay. I lurched out of my daze for the companionway to check the charts. I emerged again with a smile and told Kay to look at the depth gauge again. She did and after a moment laughed, she had been fooled again. The meter was showing 130'. The depth meter displays three digits. At depths of less than 100' it shows the tenth of a foot as in 13.0', and at over 100' it drops the decimal in order to display the depth. Since we are long time shallow water sailors, the first time this happens on a Bay trip one or the other of us is fooled.

After rounding Smith Point we set our course to "Point No Point" and, no, I don't know how that curious name developed. Point No Point was halfway to the Solomons, our destination, and we figured we would be in our slip before 3pm. As it turned out it would be two and half hours and many degrees of stress later.

As we motored along a tug pushing a coal barge was slowly gaining on us. We gradually adjusted our course so that the tow would pass beside us a couple of hundred of feet away, which it did. The strange thing about this was it left a most peculiar wake, a mirror sheen that seemed to stretch for miles. It was like someone ran an iron in one straight path across a badly wrinkled sheet. Eventually we had to cross the wake, and as we approached the wake I took the boat off autohelm. In the past we had strange things happen in such a wake but we were certainly not prepared for what happened this time.

Several things happened at the same time, the wind switched off, the GPS went blank, and the motor seized its control away from me. Without me doing anything the rpms dropped from 2,500 to 1,000, came back up to 2,000, then 1,000, and then off. I expected at any moment to see the missing flight of World War II bombers. We had entered the Bermuda Triangle, or so it seemed to us at the time. I checked the fuel tank and though we were not moving the fuel was madly sluicing around the fuel gauge oscillating back and forth between almost empty to three-quarters full.

I changed the batteries in the GPS and it now worked, but with no motor and no wind we were helpless. I thought that possibly the sloshing fuel might have gotten condensate into the fuel line or possibly air. I have no idea if that was what was wrong but it led me to add five gallons of Diesel from the emergency container. I did this but still the motor would not start. It would cough, stutter around, and die repeatedly. I knew that I probably needed to bleed the fuel line and remembered how to do it but I did not remember where the little pump was located and I did not relish feeling around the hot engine to find it.

Continually trying to start a Diesel is risky since I'm pumping water in and no water is coming out, leading eventually to incompressible water finding its way into the compressing pistons. However, I noticed that during the sputtering and coughing the engine was expelling water, so when Kay asked if she could try her hand at restarting it I readily agreed.



Each time she tried it sputtered longer. Eventually she got it to run at 1,000 rpms under load and off we went at a snail's pace. Gradually the rpms and our speed increased until everything was normal, or so we thought.

As we approached Point No Point a boat with flashing lights hailed us and we were informed that the Navy was conducting bombing tests ahead at "The Targets" and we would have to detour, either going close to shore and following the shoreline to our destination, or detouring one-and-a-half miles out and then continuing north for five miles before returning to our course. The shoreline route looked long and uninviting and we elected the outside route. The disadvantage of doing this was that it put us in the big ship channel. As we motored along we heard the same warning boat or other similar boat warning other passengers with the same message. The most interesting of which was a call to a Navy Ship.

Warning Boat: "Navy ship 157 you will have to detour 1.5 miles outside."

157: "Why? We are a Navy ship and these are our waters."

Warning Boat: "Well, we are a Navy boat also. Detour!"

Earlier Kay had wondered what would happen if we said, "No." I didn't want to find out and apparently neither did 157 as we would learn later.

We motored along in the ship channel and sure enough a large ship, the *Alabama*, overtook us from behind. We moved over to allow it free passage and intently watched it as it passed. However, the *Alabama* hailed us saying something that I could not make out, but pretty clearly it could have been paraphrased as, "You idiot, do you know what you are doing?" I went below and contacted the ship on the radio and was asked, "What are you doing out here? Where are you headed?"

To which I responded, "The Patuxent River and we are out here because the Navy ordered us out here."

*Alabama*: "Oh! Well then, you have other problems with the Navy."

*Spindriftr*: "What problems?"

*Alabama*: "You are about to be run over by a destroyer."

*Spindriftr*: Stunned silence.

Sure enough straight ahead of us was a destroyer, which turned out to be good old 157, bearing down on us from the north. We switched to the military frequency and commenced evasive maneuvers. Since I am writing this they must have worked. It was certainly an armed Navy vessel but I don't think it was a destroyer.

Eventually we reached Spring Cove Marina and figured that nothing else would go wrong. Are we always that naive? We waited for our chance to get to the fuel dock. As we approached the dock from the north a boat behind us in line decided to save time and come in from the south. Two boats coming into the dock head on at each other at the same time apparently confused the lone attendant and produced a Keystone Cop type sequence with us as the principle entertainers.

It was at the fuel dock we learned what slip we were to occupy, slip H9 was the designee and it would be better known as K9 as it really was one. Behind the marina's restaurant, The Naughty Gull (cheap drinks, expensive food), there was a small wooded cove where many power boats are crammed. We had often sat in the Naughty Gull and won-

dered how we would get our sailboat out of there and now we will know.

Not a breeze to be felt but the air conditioner still works which is more than I can say for our pressure pump and the pump for the head. Next up, fix those. Damn.

Spring Cove, along with Salt Ponds, are perennial Best of the Bay choices although for last couple of years Salt Ponds has not made it. I am at a loss as to why, if anything Salt Ponds is better than ever. Spring Cove, on the other hand, has become quite expensive, \$1.80 a night per foot and \$4 a night for electricity. We could stay at a Hampton Inn at that rate. More later.

**July 28, Spring Cove Marina Solomons:** It looks like we will be on the move tomorrow, probably stopping to spend the night on the Choptank. We have spent most our time here doing repairs. No matter how well we plan it, Murphy's special corollary for boaters always applies, "If we are dumb enough to own a boat then even the things we do right will be wrong."

Yesterday, for example, we decided to replace the misbehaving fresh water pressure pump. We anticipated no problem as we had carefully gotten a drop-in replacement pump sometime ago in anticipation of such an event. Imagine our surprise when, after removing the old pump, we discovered that a Flowjet Model 4405-143 is not the same thing as a Flowjet Model 4405-143. The plumbing geometry was altered and worse yet the mounts were completely different. This would not be a problem except that the original pump had been installed before the water tank had been installed and now there was only 5" of clearance between the tank and the mounting location. Try to find a way to drill new holes in that space? Three hours later, in the heat, with every tool we own liberally strewn throughout the boat, we flipped the switch and it worked. We did this without once arguing which should mean that we can probably stay married for 40 years (three more weeks, that is).

Spring Cove is very nice. One of its best features is a well-shaded, park-like picnic area with plenty of picnic tables and park grills. It is large enough that everyone is so spread out that one still has privacy. Parties are usually going on at many of the tables. It is great fun, we have done it in the past, and we have used it every night for dinner this time except the first.

One other nice feature of the location of Spring Cove is that West Marine and Woodburn's Gourmet Grocery are virtually next door. I have seen nice grocery stores but nothing matches this one for gourmet choices. Of course, no one goes to a store with "gourmet" in its name to save money.

**July 29, Little Choptank River:** I'm happy to report that there is nothing to report. Today was as smooth a passage as we could have had. The only drama was, as is usual, in leaving the slip. No mean task. Most of the boats around us were power boats which are considerably more maneuverable than a sailboat. Besides us there were two other sailboats. We never saw the owners of one but one day we saw a couple of people get on the other one and take the sail cover off. When asked, they said that have yet to take the boat out this year either because of motor trouble or difficulty in getting out of the slip. They didn't make it out today either.

This morning we both awoke around 4am and had difficulty sleeping after that in

anticipation of leaving the slip. The number one spectator sport at a marina is watching boats try to leave their slips and, sure enough, as soon as we started preparations to leave a group of people assembled at a railing above us. To their great disappointment Kay executed a perfect departure and then faced them, smiled, and waved. If I had been at the helm (God forbid) and executed such a nice maneuver (unlikely) I may have chosen another gesture.

We ended up at the Little Choptank rather than the Choptank at a very nice anchorage spoiled only by a plethora of biting flies. We did not sail today because there was no wind, at this point we are hoping for the wind to come up to rid us of these pests.

**July 30, St Michaels Marina, St Michaels, Miles River, Eastern Bay:** 164.4 nautical miles from the start. "It was a dark and stormy night." OK, it was not night, it was day, and it was not exactly stormy, more like gloomy with rain. So it was a dark and gloomy day and that it was. The winds were supposed to be 5-10 knots from the east but for the most part we found it at 10-20 knots from the NE which, of course, was the direction to our destination. We hauled the anchor at 7am and made it into the slip at St Michaels at 1:40pm. Altogether a somewhat rough and unpleasant day, but still fun.

As we were going up the Bay we noticed a large ship coming at us from afar. I tracked him on the radar and all looked well when at about 1.5 miles he altered course and headed straight at us. Quite a sight seeing that large bow bearing directly down on us. Naturally we performed the "chicken" maneuver, hard left at full throttle. When we straightened out again to pass beside him and he got close enough to for me to read the name I immediately started looking around for errant destroyers. It was our old friend the *Alabama* who had alerted us to the doings of the nefarious destroyer (or whatever) 157 several days earlier.

Really, the only unpleasant aspect of the trip were the cruising clubs. Power boats by themselves are generally respectful of other boats but the same cannot be said for cruising clubs operating with a pack mentality and numbering anywhere from six to 26 boats. They come streaming by sometimes just feet away and we get hit by wake after wake until we go into violent chaotic oscillations. Sometimes mean thoughts come to mind.

But, alas and alack, we are here, neatly tucked into a slip that would have been small for our Catalina 22. As always Kay got us into the slip with nary a problem despite difficult circumstances. We arrived not knowing which marina was our destination, along with a dozen other boats all calling helter skelter for directions. We had no idea if directions we were receiving were for us or some other lost soul in the holding pattern from hell.

Finally, to answer my daughter's question, "You do this for enjoyment, why?"

Because it is challenging, it is fun, we love being on the water, and we are just not quite so bright as our children."

**August 1, St Michaels:** Having a great time but will leave tomorrow. While here we had dinner with my cousin Bill Adler and his wife Rebecca. Bill was born exactly one month earlier than I on the day Germany invaded Poland. Bill is a big time sailor, first with a J-24 and now with a J-105. For comparison I am a Martini sailor "It's moving, what, me worry?" Bill and Rebecca live on the Magothy River just north of Annapolis.

We have kept in contact over the years and it was good to see him again. Another visitor was Tom Dove who I have also known for years but have never before met in person. A sign of the new electronic era, we met via email and have many mutual interests including Mac computers. Those who are sailors will recognize his name as a frequent contributor to *Sail* and *Chesapeake Bay Magazine*. Tom and his wife, Pam live on Kent Island across from the Magothy.

St Michaels reminds me of Ocracoke but Kay says it is more like Beaufort, North Carolina. I guess it is sort of a combination. In places it has the narrow streets and "quaint" homes found in Ocracoke and in other places it has the expensive (and even more so) stores found in Beaufort. One thing it has that Beaufort no longer has since the lamentable loss of Mike's Restaurant is a place where I can get a bacon and egg sandwich for breakfast.

Last night there was a concert on the park next to the marina. The performers were the Eastport Oyster Boys who, among other things, gave a perfect imitation of Louis Armstrong's *It's a Wonderful World*, a song to which I danced with my daughter at her wedding. Fond memories there. One of the Oyster Boys was off a Cape Dory 30 two slips away and we talked. Cape Dory users are the number one users of my sail calculator (<http://imagination.com/sailcalc.html>) and Kevin turned out to be one of them. As a result we got a much appreciated CD of their music.

The only other thing of note that happened is while I was away from the boat a boat came in bearing for a crew a young woman my wife described as well deserving the bikini she wore, I kept a eye out in case they needed a hand but, alas, they came back after dark.

**August 3, Town Center Marina, Solomons:** We came from St Michaels yesterday covering the 49 miles in eight hours. A small miracle considering what amounted to adverse conditions. The weather report called for 10-15kt winds from the south for yesterday and for the foreseeable future, not good news for sailors hoping to flee southward. We had planned to work our way southward at a leisurely pace but a wrinkle in a job I was to do necessitated that we get home as soon as possible. Coming down the Eastern Bay the winds were 15-20 knots on our nose from the southwest which raised the hope that when we turned south we could sail. However, the wind slowly died which is a precursor to a change in direction, and change it did to the south. This left me contemplating for the rest of the day what was the purpose of that white thing on the metal pole extending backwards from the mast. I think I dimly remember.

Spring Cove was full so we arbitrarily picked another marina. Town Center Marina was not as plush as Spring Cove and not as expensive either. Also, its slips were a lot easier to access and egress. From a boater's perspective the Solomons are sort of like a glove with a thumb and three fingers extending upwards. Our slip is on the eastern shore of the thumb. The western shore is Solomons Island itself. We have never been there before as it is a long distance from Spring Cove but a relatively easy walk from Town Center Marina. We soon discovered that it was a lot different from what we had been used to around Spring Cove. Dining at the Naughty Gull was always a sedate experience. Last night's repast was anything but sedate. It was closer to a riot.

We arrived at the restaurant at around 7pm to discover a long line of people waiting for tables. After turning in our names we went to the bar which, though crowded, had two empty seats. It turned out that we could order dinner there and so we did. It was both reasonably priced and delicious. Further, the service was rapid. The bar was full of people all having a great time at maximum volume. The atmosphere was contagious but the real stars were the male and female bartenders who managed to serve everyone instantaneously and at the same time. Both made Tom Cruise in *Cocktail* look slow. From my view they were major entertainment and I left the largest tip I have ever left on those occasions of still being in full possession of my wits.

Later that night as we sat in the cockpit we could hear lots of people having a great time on Solomons Island. Glad we are here if even for only a short time.

**August 4: Sandy Point, Great Wicomico River:** Today was a "Holy Moly" type of day! Things started out slowly enough as we left the Solomons at 7:15am. We actually could have sailed if there had been enough wind. As we motored peacefully along Kay wondered what I would have to write about. She should have knocked on wood and remembered the Chinese curse, "May you have an interesting life." All went smoothly until we reached the mouth of the Potomac where, as almost always, it was rough. I know it was rough because I had a devil of a time mixing my lunchtime martini, but little did I know what lay ahead (the martini was definitely shaken, not stirred, that is the half of it that did not end up on the cabin flooring).

We were anxious to reach Smith Point Light since that would mean we had crossed the Potomac. Little did we know what awaited us there. We have had three rougher times in almost 40 years of boating. Once traveling oceanside from Ocracoke to Beaufort when we found ourselves in a previously unannounced tropical depression, once coming out of the Alligator River into a strong northeaster, and once coming out of Hampton Roads into an incoming wind on an outgoing tide. Not nice.

Neither was this. The waves were 4-6' and at least one time lifted our prop out of the water while burying the nose. Really "interesting." At one time when I was unable to get turned into the wave promptly enough it rolled us over 60+ degrees. This enticed Kay to say "we don't belong in this." Almost the same thing she said on the Ocracoke trip mentioned above, to which at the time I replied, "what do you want me to do, pull over and park?" Being older and wiser I held my mouth tightly shut this time.

OK, things couldn't get worse. Yes, they could! Ahead lay a very ominous dark mass which led us to do what we should have done long before, put on our life preservers (personal flotation devices in Coast Guard speak). We hit it or vice versa and it was solid rain, inspiring Kay to say, sarcastically I think, "this is fun." After it passed and we figured out how far off course we had gone, we had a reasonably safe trip into the Great Wicomico and our present anchorage where I finally got to finish my martini lunch.

**August 4: Sandy Point, Great Wicomico River:** First thing to notice is that our latitude and longitude have changed and that is because we have dragged all over the anchorage. We have never dragged our delta anchor. We dragged. A perfect ending to a bad day? Well, no, more to come.

Several hours ago when we going through the "Holy Molies" or, as my wife translates, the "Good goggily moggily," Kay said to me, "What was that?" Looking in the cabin and seeing liquor bottles, books, electric tooth brushes, batteries of all sorts, pipe tobacco, and a hundred other things holding an impromptu convention on the cabin sole, I said, "could be anything." Little did I know!

We finally stopped dragging and had settled down to our pre-dinner Manhattans. Kay was marinating Italian steaks for a much-deserved treat. At some point she asked me to start the grill we carry on the stern railing which provoked the following conversation.

Carl: "What grill?"

Kay: "Ohmygod."

Don't get me wrong, part of the grill was still there, just all the parts that made it a grill weren't. Undoubtedly that was the "that" in "what was that?" So the Italian steaks were reduced to the ignominy of being cooked on the alcohol stove. Later Kay said over dinner, "we need to take up another hobby, like sky diving." Amen.

**August 6, Salt Ponds, Hampton, Virginia:** We are back at our home marina and will return to Greenville tomorrow so Kay can get us ready for our Bahama trip and I can try to finish a project.

Last night at dinner Kay looked at me and said, "I am tired of things happening to us just so you have something to write about."

Hmm! That would seem to put the effect before the cause but I am certainly sympathetic to the thought.

Yesterday we woke to rain and a dragging anchor alarm at 6:30am (although we had not dragged). Since it is a long trip from where we were to Salt Ponds we wanted the best possible day. The morning weather report for the region was 5-10 knots from the south with showers in the morning (no news there) and the possibility of thunderstorms in the afternoon. That sounded a lot better than the 10-15 knots and the probability of thunderstorms forecast for the next day, so off we went.

After an hour or so Kay observed that it was like boating on a pond, and indeed it was, not one cloud on the horizon. Instead there were a lot more than one. Rain clouds were all over the place. But that was expected. As a precaution I would go below every 15 minutes to check the radar, thunderstorms are impossible to miss on radar. They are very distinctive from everything else and that is 95% of the reason we own radar. I was being overcautious since we don't see thunderstorms in the early morning. Right?

I checked at 9am, no problem, 9:15am, no problem, 9:30am, no problem, 9:45am, get the life preservers. Suddenly we were surrounded by thunderstorms. They were in front, back, left, right, up, and down. Good grief!

They did not look intense on the radar and we really weren't too concerned. Through a mixture of good luck and the radar we avoided all but minimal trouble. Still, I do not like to boat in thunderstorms. Who does? After we cleared the weather and rounded Windmill Point we found the mouth of the Rappahannock to be filled with menhaden boats. I counted at least nine and due to their rather unpredictable behavior it is always a challenge to navigate through them. Kay made it through nicely and all was well for all of five to ten minutes. At that point the autohelm went berserk again and we had to subdue it with electricians tape.

We continued to the York River when halfway across we developed the motor



problem from a week earlier. The motor would rev up and down independently from anything we did or could do. The conditions were similar to the past, fuel tank below half and rough seas so I assumed we had contamination in the tank and that the fuel filters were clogged. If I knew where both filters were located on the engine and fuel line, and if I had spares, knew where they were located, and knew what to do with them when I found them, we were out of trouble. We were in trouble! We added fuel as before but this time it didn't get slowly better, for the sake of variety it got slowly worse instead.

As we neared Salt Ponds we were going slowly and sometimes barely. Frequently we thought it would quit altogether, then it would sort of cough and rev up a little. So what would be a worse case scenario? We stall, we anchor, we call Tow Boat US, after all we have been paying for towing insurance for years. It would be a bit embarrassing being towed in but what else could go wrong? (I wish that I would stop asking that question). Well we could run aground but, so what, its all sand and no rocks. Well yes... except the northern side of the narrow entrance to Salt Ponds is a rock jetty and the wind was from the southwest.

Neither of us said this at the time but we both knew that the motor would go though the "I think I am going to die" routine just as we got to the rocks and sure enough on schedule that is what it did. Yuck! We thought of putting out the jib but right past the rocks we had a sharp left turn into a very narrow channel and into the wind. So we took our chances and made it.

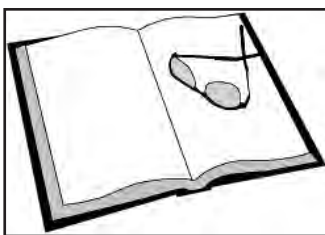
Now we had one more problem, getting into our slip with a motor that we didn't know would keep running and worse yet had no idea what, if anything, it would do when Kay shifted into reverse. The winds came up to 15-20 knots from the southwest as we made the turn for the narrow angle of approach to the slip. The south component was blowing us into the slip so the motor had better work in reverse. The west component was another matter, we have floating docks and no pilings to grasp so, in theory, I leap from the side of the boat unto the dock with rope in hand. The dock is on the east side of the slip so... Kay better get us close before the wind takes us away. As a precaution I removed my hearing aid.

Reverse worked. Kay got me close but the wind was blowing away and Kay said, "That's the best I can do. Jump!"

I jumped!

**Addendum:** Our slip is next to the Sperry Marine boat and Joe, its captain, told us the large waves we encountered at Smith Point were not unusual and were a consequence of the Potomac flow interacting with the tides and winds in the Bay. He had seen them up to 8'. Egads!

(To Be Continued)



## Book Review

### Boating for Tight Wads

Whiskey Hill Press e-books

susan@silverwaters.com


Those who enjoy messing with boats and are afflicted with two foot-itis or possibly even burdened by the dreaded and sometimes costly pathological condition known as multiple boat ownership (MBO) might want to take note of two recent e-books, *Buying a Boat on a Budget* and *Sailing on a Shoestring* by Susan Peterson Gateley.

While the veteran messer is already well aware of some of Peterson Gateley's techniques, those of lesser boat acquisition experience might pick up some worthwhile ideas on how to sail more and spend less. The author has practiced the art of living large on a not so large boating budget for nearly 40 years. She has camp cruised with a Lightning, built her own wood and canvas kayak still operable 31 years later, battled dry rot, and with the help of a Sailrite Kit made her own mainsail along with several sail covers as she associated with a series of old but affordable woodies and more recently several plastic classics ranging from 14' to 47' since 1968.

Her two e-books on buying and operating boats on the cheap are both available for download at [www.chimneybluff.com](http://www.chimneybluff.com) (\$3 each). *Buying a Boat on a Budget* covers best boat types for tightwads (tip, think shoal draft), finding and evaluating the cheap boat, resources to help you do so, insurance, getting an affordable dock, and moorings. *Sailing on a Shoestring* covers dinghy cruising, sharing boat ownership costs through alternative ownership schemes, and making your boat pay her way by earning money with her.

The author shares her own experience in making boats pay as a freelance magazine writer and photographer, self publisher, and Coast Guard licensed sailing instructor and charter captain as well as the experiences of other budget boaters who have used various methods ranging from cleaning services to speculating in fixer uppers to raise money.

She has been a sailor of considerable conviction, if no great distinction, for 40 years and has published two books about 'messing about' on Lake Ontario, *Sweet Waters* and *Passages*, both of which are also on sale at her online store. In these uncertain times with our ship of state in the midst of economic tide rips, a little old-fashioned tightwaddery might be in order to keep an acceptable level of liquidity in the bilges. Visit Gateley's book shelf at [www.chimneybluff.com](http://www.chimneybluff.com) for more information.



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Well, I believe I finally got my wish. But I really didn't get all that I deserved. Nope. I've been pining for a really ugly day. One that I wouldn't have any excuses left and would simply buckle down and do some long-delayed story writing. The forecast for yesterday and the day before were just what the doctor ordered. Rain, wind, more rain. And a bunch more wind. This is winter in San Diego. Just one problem. The normal pattern here for any winter storm worthy of the name is to have the prevailing westerly back around to SW. And it normally builds into the 20s for half a day or longer before the clouds really get organized. Beyond that the actual arrival of wet stuff and true nastiness is a bit of a crapshoot.

So by yesterday the predicted first "real" day of an expected week-long Pacific storm dawned cloudy and blowing like stink. So I did just as expected. I shuffled through my notes, looked at pictures stored on the hard drive, looked out the window, and grabbed my sailing hat. I keep *Plum Duff* in a side tie slip right under the walkway in front of Roger's store here in the marina. He still has to work so he can't head out with me at the drop of a hat, but normally he comes out on the walk and notes my comings and goings. We often exchange the "pleasantries" known only to those of us who "came up through the hawsepipe," if you know how that goes.

Actually, Roger is one of the few genuine gentlemen I know. And since we are normally shouting our greetings in front of the nearby restaurant patrons, we keep it pretty civilized. Anyhow, he asked me if I was going to reef. I told him, "No, but I'm gonna dig out that little spitfire jib if I can find it in the lazarette." I bent on *Plum Duff's* winter suit, stashed my rain gear close to the companionway, dug out my really-dorky-with-earflaps winter sailing bonnet, and shoved off.

I didn't even see another boat for the first hour out there. By the end of another hour the sky was getting pretty purple. I had taken that reef. And Mr GEEPERS showed a top speed for the day in excess of 7½ knots. By then I had sighted a total of only three sailboats out there flirting with the approaching nastiness. I kept telling myself, "you're really gonna get it this time. All those other people stayed home and watched the football game for a good reason. You're really gonna get it."

Not being one to pass up on wind in the 20s and absolutely no boat traffic right in front of downtown San Diego on a Sunday morning, I did what every prudent mariner would do. I shook out the reef and changed up to my bought used 10oz Yankee. *Plum Duff* spit up a wake and had the spray flying. A great ride on a real thoroughbred.

Sometime after noon I anchored for lunch in the most popular legal anchorage here. It's quite a lovely spot with mansions right down to the water, our two most prominent yacht clubs on two sides. This place is usually packed with perhaps as many as 100 boats. I was number seven and nobody followed me in. I anchored under sail and departed sans engine as well with gobs of sea room to spare. I kept asking myself, "Where is this storm? And what does everybody else know that I obviously don't?"

Time to start for home. *Plum Duff* and I are about three hours by beeline from home. We are climbing one of the most extreme tides of the year, ebbing from a morning max of over 7' to a plunging minus 1.8'. That

## Boats Really Don't Make Sense

### Got My Wish

By Dan Rogers

means that over 9' of water will continue to flow against this wind and against my rhumbline course for home until the sun sets in the winter sky. Behind those ugly clouds piling up in the southwest. Yep, I was really in for it now. Nope.

By the time I got home, several hours later, I was running at 6 knots courtesy of Mr Nissan. The sails hung limp. The sky had all but cleared. And yes, boats had seemingly come out of the woodwork for the final couple hours of daylight.

The Big Storm didn't actually hit until this morning (Monday) when all the working stiffers would have to leave their boats tied up anyway. It's blowing like stink. The rain is coming in sheets from the southwest. And I'm at long last sitting in front of a key-board. But it does still give this sailor a bit of disquiet. The business of not knowing what a mythical "everybody else" knows is often inverted for me around the water. In fact, I often find myself in a position of "knowing stuff" that just might make a difference for other people. Problem is when and how to share that knowledge.

Which brings me to a story. Maybe a few of 'em. It must have been raining a couple years ago about Christmas time. I sent Bob Hicks a couple stuffed 9"x12" manila envelopes of opus'. They still show up in the monthly mail, published in our esteemed *MAIB*. By now I don't remember what I sent to Bob. So even if nobody else reads my stuff, I at least get to read my stories, sort of for the first time this way. Anyway, this month's riff under my byline was titled, "That's What Friends Are For." The last paragraph summed up, "I've long ago lost track of the dragged and fouled anchors, broken rigging, torn sails, and clogged strainers that I have helped to put right. Yes, even a few flailing arms and BIG eyes. Nobody expects these things to happen. Most of the time, nothing does. Hey, that's what friends are for. To be there, to help. But, we have to be there. And watching out for the other guy."

Ironically I had tossed that issue on *Plum Duff's* dinette table to take along for at-anchor reading next time underway. And on the return leg from a pleasant hiatus on the hook in one of my favorite holes over by the Amphib Base, full of the shared wisdom of all our *MAIB* friends and considering my own forgotten offering, I noticed a rather large trawler yacht heading for certain trouble.

Granted, this is from about a half mile off and from a moving boat. My only real tools were a trusty "seaman's eye" and instinct honed by those "hours and hours of interminable boredom, punctuated by moments of sheer terror" as a conning officer. There were about a half dozen boats closer to the action than I was. But nobody seemed to be paying a lot of attention.

I grabbed my VHF mike and said as quickly and distinctly as possible, "Hail-

ing the white trawler exiting Fiddler's Cove Marina. Skipper, you are standing into danger! There are large concrete blocks directly ahead of you. Recommend you stop at once and alter course to port." Before I could repeat or expect a reply the boat came to an abrupt halt.

Here's the deal. The large Navy Welfare and Rec marina complex here in the South Bay has over the past year or so started a remodeling effort that included removing the massive strings of truck tires full of foam and strung around the perimeter as a sort of floating seawall. They removed the perimeter but the Volkswagon-sized concrete blocks still remain just below the surface. The boat was not headed for the marked entrance but for a group of those square blocks.

I was pretty sure the boat had come to grief as she had stopped so suddenly. Normally a general warning call like mine goes unheard, unanswered, and sadly unheeded much of the time. Then the boat twisted to port and proceeded to the safe passage. In profile I recognized the boat as a marina neighbor and called her up by name. This time he answered up immediately. A while later, back home, I took my chart over to show the trawler's owner where he had been.

"Heck, we don't need that. C'mon up to the wheelhouse." I came face to face with a GPS screen bigger than our TV set! And there, in beautiful detail and full color, was his truncated track. And yep, the bread crumbs stopped and swerved to the left at a spot that couldn't have been more than a few feet from the un-electronically charted concrete. His mega-buck bow thruster and stabilizer fins must have been at arm's length from destruction. When I mentioned the reason for my visit he said, "Yeah. Somebody called me on Channel 16 and told me to stop. At first I thought they were talking to the boat behind me, but since I had never been in there before, maybe it was me they were talking to. So I stopped and turned to port like the guy on the radio said to..."

We traded stories of imminent disaster and near misses for a while. Among the tales he told me about taking this transoceanic capable ship of his out of our neighboring inlet (Mission Bay) around Thanksgiving this year. Seems like the weather window forecast he was relying on to get the "only 10 miles" out into the ocean and back into shelter at Point Loma had turned into a four-hour roller coaster ride of bucking and plunging and wondering "why in the hell are we out here?"

I told him that the SAME thing happened to me the prior year at almost the same time. I, too, thought I had a "window" and against the little voice that often whispers a tale of caution at times like those, I headed out into much the same clocking and veering wind, lumpy and extremely confused seas. Berating myself for being the only one out there when I most certainly should have known better. While it was scary and I broke a couple things, the boat did just fine. But it seems like there should be a lesson someplace here. More on that in a moment.

In a way it's been a busy weekend. Saturday afternoon I was messing around in the parking lot, shifting stuff from one or another project from car to truck and to storage. As I was making yet another trip to or from the dock box I noticed something shiny sticking out of the back tire of a Ford van. While I'm neither a Ford fan nor is the van anything immediately worth studying, I do tend to notice



low tires and nails lying in the roadway (yes, I was an Eagle Scout in one of my prior lives.). Anyway, the shiny thing was a drill bit and it was apparently imbedded in the tread of this guy's truck. Since most of us don't make it a point to check the right rear tire as we get into the left front side of our vehicles, I figured he'd probably drive right over the thing stuck in his tire, break it off, and maybe make it a few miles down the road before it let loose.

So I put my stuff down and went to the marina office to find out who owned the truck and which boat was his. He was pretty incredulous (wouldn't we all be?) when I told him there was a 1/4" drill bit sticking out of his tire. He told me that he was only minutes from leaving on a holiday trip across the Sierras into Nevada. After I showed him what I had found my job was done. Yes, I do change tires for damsels and matrons and grandmothers in distress. But you guys are on your own if you don't ask for help.

Sunday morning as I was rigging to head out on *Plum Duff* the van owner came by on his way to the parking lot. I asked him if he had delayed his trip because of the forecast for snow in the passes east of here. He said, "No. It took so long messing with that tire that I decided to wait until today." I asked him what he was planning to do with the 1/4" pipe cap in his hand. "Since I didn't leave yesterday, I planned on an early start today. When I climbed out of bed I landed in ankle deep salt water. Seems a thru hull fitting failed last night. And the float switch on my automatic bilge pump jammed so the boat was pretty much sinking by the time I woke up."

I'm not claiming a crystal ball or anything. But the week before a simple call on the radio saved a million dollar yacht and a real nice family from heartbreak. This weekend, dropping what I was doing and going to find a guy possibly saved him from ending up off the road in a snowdrift with a blown tire while his boat sank at its own pace back here in the marina.

Then there was this guy and his kid who roared by me in the dogleg, throwing up a huge wake. Happens all the time. This was just last night on my way into the marina. They waved and since they are power boaters I don't figure them for a great deal of sea manners. So I just waved back (this time with all five fingers together). Just then a huge cloud of steam enveloped their boat and they coasted to a stop just astern of me. Yes, I sailed a racetrack around them until they got an anchor down (feet away from our local boat-eating shoal that was rearing its ugly head to the coming minus 1.8' tide). Yes, I stood off with the motor in standby and a towline coiled in the cockpit until they assured me that it was a fixable problem. Yes, I really do tow disabled powerboats home rather often with my hulking 8hp two-stroke. They were either sure they didn't need a tow or too embarrassed to accept one. Dunno. Like I said. Women and children I'll carry down into the lifeboat if need be. You guys, I'll tell you where to find the ladders.

Sooooooooo. Here's the question. I belong, or rather I'm attempting to belong, to a group of small sailboat aficionados. So far nobody has shown the slightest interest in my observations on seamanship, boat modification, navigation, or even boat handling. My more than 50 years and more than 50,000 miles in small boats comes at best as an annoyance to this group. A couple of their number is planning a round trip from Mission Bay

to Point Loma next weekend. Yeah, right after the big storm is supposed to pass. Probably they will have delightful weather. Or, if not totally well prepared for the worst, they just may end up having the holy hell scared out of them. Or worse.

I suppose it's still worth a try. That IS what friends are for.

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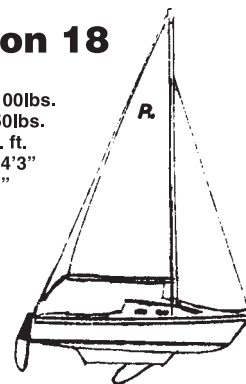
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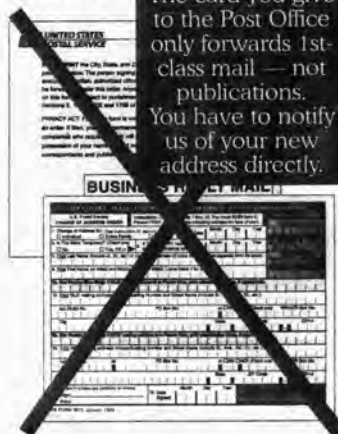
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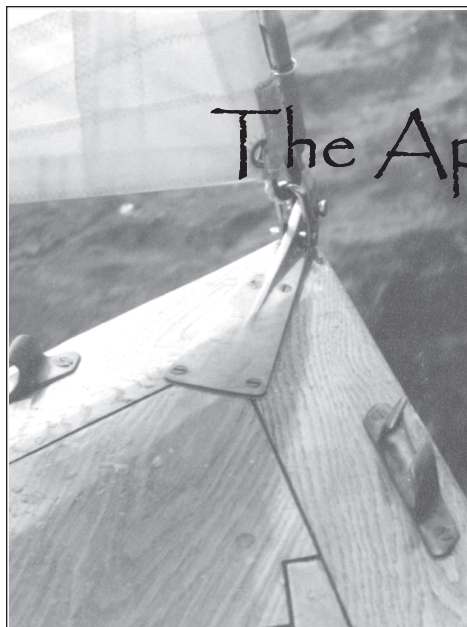
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Being a sailing club boatman today is much like being an elevator operator. It's a slowly dying profession but not in all areas of the world. Unfortunately, you may not get a chance to sail overseas in England as I did in 1974 but if you do you may have to be prepared to deal with a club boatman to get out and back from your mooring in the harbor in addition to performing other tasks. When I belonged to a boat club in Cowes, England, I had to relearn boat etiquette and club member responsibilities.

When I was a youngster growing up on Long Island Sound before WW II, my father belonged to a small yacht club that had on its staff what we called launch boys to transport members and their guests to the club island and to their anchored boats in the harbor but I had long since forgotten how I was supposed to deal with them on a daily basis and above all, what I was not supposed to request them to do beyond their normal duties. Everyone called them launch boys, however, the name has a very different connotation in England where "boys" are young boatyard apprentices, who would never be entrusted with the responsibilities of the English boat "man".

The first rule I had to relearn as a sailing club member when dealing with an English boatman was never, but never, show my impatience with the speed of his actions or decisions. Try to remember that Rome was never built in their day, including the need to get to your boat in time for the start of a race or back to the club house for a long awaited libation. I also had to try to remember that I was only lucky enough to benefit from his knowledge and abilities and understand his needs in return but not particularly vice versa.

Among other things, this meant being sure I didn't do anything that might postpone his lunch hour, two tea breaks a day, or his eventide at the pub. This principle didn't always apply in the other direction however. Woe betide the becalmed yachtsman who couldn't get his boat back to his mooring before the boatman's 1830 quitting time. Otherwise, the sailor might have to spend the night onboard. Before I really understood the rules, I found I had to speedily motorsail halfway down the Solent in order to be sure my boatman got home in time for tea!

I found I also had to actively participate in using the English "Golden Rule" for courtesy, not that I didn't want to! For example, if I was a part of the many club members waiting for the club launch on regatta day, always I must remember I have to queue up. Never try to elbow my way to the harbor side of the club float so I can be first aboard even if the warning gun for the first race is in 20 minutes. It's just never done. When I'm finally on my boat, never actively offer to assist a

## A Lifetime on the Water

### Part 10

## Getting Along with English Club Boatmen

(After All, it May be  
for My Own Good)

Written on June 30, 1975

By Lionel Taylor

female companion in boarding. After all, I've got my gear to stow and my cockpit to clear. In all such cases, it's my boatman's privilege, especially if it would be accompanied, as it usually was, by some endearing remark to the lady like, "Up you go, me' darlin'." It was obvious that she'd prefer it too!

I also had to remember that the place for me to sit was in the stern sheets of the club launch. It was not only considered an understood position of status because I owned a boat over 25', unlike the "small boat sailors" whose unwritten place was in the bow, and it was also a whole lot drier. Unlike most American bays and harbors the English equivalents are in general a lot rougher and wetter. This is undoubtedly because of the stronger winds and tides in that part of the world. It could also be that some English boatmen might, on some windy days, take some sadistic pleasure in soaking the haughty Sunday skipper decked out in his best yachting finery!

As I approach my yacht (almost regardless of her size in England, she's always called a "yacht") I must prepare myself and my guests or crew for disembarking. No daydreaming allowed here or I'll find myself in hot water with my boatman. He always tries to approach my boat from the starboard side (the port side of the launch) so I don't get my gear ready to disembark from the other side as I did at first, much to the dismay of the launch operator. It all had to be quickly moved to the other side of the boat. Also I must get my sail bags, picnic basket, thermos, petrol can and drink aboard first. Not the other way around please, or my boatman will have hand my gear up one piece at a time and over the life lines from the launch below!

I also had to remember, for my own good, when boarding, to step up on the boat's rail, not over her lifelines. The first time I make this mistake I may be forgiven, if I haven't already lost my balance and gone overboard in the process in rough weather, but heaven help me if I have to be reminded of the correct way a second or third time.

Since almost everything in maritime England, especially among the "yachties" (which I guess included me!) is based upon the size of the boat. For example, I may not at first realize how small my "yacht" is until I have to jump aboard from the club launch. Since the boatman didn't want to slow down to let me off, it's very small indeed. If on the other hand, I had time to mount side boys to pipe me aboard, I know I have a very pretentious size yacht indeed. Remember to say "thank you" when me and my baggage are

safely aboard and I will not fear receiving a perfunctory "thank you, sir", or "thank you ma'm" "in return".

I also had to learn that this kind of service was not "all for free". Launch service was included in my club dues, so it says in my book of privileges and payments. But I can't let the Honorable Secretary fool me. If I'm wise, and sometimes it takes time to realize this, I'll slip the boatman a can of warm beer or a shot glass of whiskey on a cold day and a mid-season gratuity (even though the club book of rules and privileges says not to) so the latter half of the boating year will go as well as the first.

As with most things in England there is status too among boatmen. Don't make the mistake, as I first did, of giving the younger more cooperative boatman a beer more frequently than to his older more important associate. Also, timing is important. The "head boatman", and there always is one, must receive his seasonal and more lucrative gratuity before any of the others.

All along I have mentioned the "does and don'ts" of having to deal with a boatman in England. What happens if I don't? If I happen to slip up, intentionally or not, once too often in his eyes, I'll learn quickly enough when there's a lapse in the services, like not getting his attention when wanting to go ashore from my boat, he might fail to hear my signal or see my sail bag hoisted to the mast or stay as he usually did before picking me up. He and his associates will find more reasons for having to stay longer in a distant part of the moorings than seemed necessary. This tends to occur more frequently after a wet race or long cruise when a hot shower or toddy is urgently needed at the club.

If there was any doubt as to the real meaning of his apparent failure to see or hear my call, the ride to the club float will be the clincher. I had found in similar circumstances, my boatman was strangely less conversational and more distracted. He would be more inclined to talk to other occupants of the launch than me or my crew. Even the dinghy sailor was more worthy of attention at that moment. I have found under these conditions that "time heals all wounds" and glad when I may have found myself to be in his "doghouse" on Sundays. Then the boatman has all week to cool off and forget and on the following Saturday, I am greeted with a smile and the usual cheery "mornin' sir, mornin' ma'm".

If I am leaving you with the mistaken idea that British boatmen are a burdensome necessity, it couldn't be farther from the truth. I can't think of the number of times when I hadn't been glad to see one of them when I needed him. They had the habit of turning up unexpectedly:

When I've hurriedly left a crowded mooring without thinking with my sails down below and my auxiliary motor refusing to start.

When I'm becalmed away from home needing a tow and the weather's getting cold and dark.

When I've lost my halyard or topping lift and need someone to shinny up the mast to retrieve it.

When I'm unsure about the weather before starting out on a cruise and need some reliable weather forecasting.

Or the urgent need to find the club dinghy tied to my mooring so I can get ashore after a night race or a late evening sail with everyone else already gone home.



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Ken and Paul MacSweeney only came to Cataumet one summer, but it was a memorable one. Ken was my age and his brother Paul was about a year younger. They were renting the Cushman's house that year. In addition, they rented a white Beetle Cat that was one of the fastest boats in the harbor. Ken usually came in first in our junior sailing races.

Ken didn't really care about winning as long as he beat Elaine Cherry, whose boat was aptly named the *Harbor Princess*. She was a couple of years younger than we were. She was an excellent sailor but a poor loser. "It was all luck," she would say if anyone else won. If the *Harbor Princess* won she and her friends would gloat in a small group back on the beach, showing us boys the backs of their heads and giggling amongst themselves.

We all raced and took lessons under the direction of Chris Thurlby. One day he said he wanted to give us the experience of capsizing so that we would know how to recover. Beetles, lacking a heavy lead keel and carrying a lot of canvas, were eminently capsizable. For a young sailor to have the experience of going over, then righting, bailing out, and sailing home was prudent training. But Chris couldn't get any of the actively racing parents like the Clarks and MacSweeneys to consent to let their boats be capsized. They knew that their Beetle Cats' unfinished interior cedar wood would wick up water and make the hulls a lot heavier and therefore slower.

My father was the only one who would consent. His only caveat was that we stow all the expensive gear, including ground tackle, pump, paddle, and so forth. We dunked the *Bedlam* several times and all the campers got capsizing practice at the expense of our hull speed.

I only won one race in the *Bedlam* the rest of the summer, and that was on a ripping southwester that reduced the other's hull speed advantage. I was pleased when I remembered that Chris had said earlier, "Light air favors the faster boat. Heavy air favors the better sailor." On this race day Nick crewed for me and we went out in a Small Craft Advisory breeze with whitecaps breaking across the starting line. It wasn't very dangerous as the race course kept us in the shelter of Nye's Neck. A good-sized fleet of us showed up that day to jockey for favorable starting positions.

Elaine, in the *Harbor Princess*, was among them with one of her friends. Her boat's total crew weight was very light. In contrast, Nick and I probably weighed at least 100 pounds more than they did. With this kind of wind a heftier crew would provide much better ballast to windward for better trim and safety. Ballast would also raise the sail higher and catch more of the wind while keeping the hull more level below the waterline.

Taking the lead at the all-important start of a sailboat race is very important. If the first leg of the race course were upwind, as was usually the case, the boat that was highest upwind at the start would take best benefit of the breeze. All the other boats would get air that was diminished and disturbed by the leader's sail. Consequently there is a lot of competition for the upwind spot because the boats are all trying to get in position to cross the starting line as far upwind as possible. So we had to be careful not to touch other boats tacking back and forth, counting down time until the start. Most of us had big stopwatches that made it easy to count down time until the start.

## Cape Cod Harbors

### The Soggy Beetle Cat *Bedlam*

By Rob Gogan

We learned through experience that taking advantage of rights of way could have great strategic importance. If we had starboard tack we had right of way over all port tack boats. If we were to leeward of another boat we had right of way over all others upwind. We also had right of way for shore room if we needed to avoid a rock or beach, but this wasn't usually an issue on the race course which was well offshore into Megansett Harbor. So we boys were considerably amused when there was a scream and an audible crackling crunch when the nose of the *Harbor Princess* bit hard into the Crandall's Beetle.

Nick and I hadn't been close enough to see what had happened but we learned later that Elaine mistakenly thought she had starboard tack and didn't turn away, expecting the Crandall twin at the helm to yield. Instead she correctly claimed starboard right of way and held her course. Rattled, Elaine couldn't or wouldn't turn the helm and her bow plunged into the forward quarter of the Crandall's Beetle. The impact had ripped the *Princess's* brass bobstay plate apart from the wood on the bow, its bronze screw threads dropping splinters and sawdust into the chop.

Chris Thurlby immediately told both boats to drop their sails and get towlines ready and he would pick them up for a tow as soon as the race was started. But the countdown to the race proceeded. The sails came down, burying the girls with wind-whipped canvas which they quickly furled and secured, and they bobbed there, drifting downwind slowly while the rest of us jockeyed back and forth for starting positions. The Crandall's boat had a dent the size of an apple slice in its bow, showing an ugly crack in the oak trim strip and a crinkled ripple in the salmon-colored deck canvas. The Crandall twins were angry and let Elaine know it. When I looked at the *Princess* Elaine was hiding her face and, I guessed, crying.

"Look at her now. Miss Sailor Supreme doesn't look so invincible now," Nick commented with relish. I had to admit there was something satisfying about seeing such haughtiness being made so humble.


Nick and I came in second that day, which was the best we did that summer. Ken and Paul MacSweeney won. I think we boys with our heavier crews had the advantage that day with our ability to ballast our boats more efficiently. I'm told that nowadays in intercollegiate sailing the standard crew is one man and one woman. This offers more ballasting options to better respond to weather conditions which may change over a day or even in the course of a long race.

As we replayed the race to my mother back at our house we described the collision and humiliation of the *Princess* with particular relish. Though Mum never raced or even sailed herself, she was keen to hear how the different sailors had placed. She also remembered the advice of Chris Thurlby and reminded me of it in later years if I lost in light air.

Back on shore we boys played cards or a board game, usually "Risk," the game of world conquest. But we had already conquered our world, the Squeteague Harbor sailing rivalry. Best of all, we had toppled the *Princess*.

Though I have always enjoyed sailing for its own sake, I think my appetite was whetted more keenly by my having raced. When sailing is a social activity among teens and by which teens rank each other, the execution of every element of sailing becomes much more important. Also, the independence and privacy we had, captains of our own vessels years before being able to drive, was precious. Neither my sons nor their elder cousins have shown any serious interest in going out sailing alone. I think the main reason is that they never raced with their peers.

I don't expect ever to race again, nor do I particularly want to, except for informal occasions when I try to catch, keep up with, or pass another daysailor. But I will always be grateful that racing in my teens taught me so much about efficient sailing, rights of way, fair play, staying calm in competitive situations, and seamanship.



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## The International Scene

Boom and bust, doom and gloom with the sun breaking through here and there:

As of last November the US, Japan, China, and Europe suffered 10% drops in exports. But major shipping companies may not cancel many new ships and thus the world fleet should expand by 12%, although it is most unclear what many ships will do in the near-term after delivery.

Although some ships are being scrapped, orders canceled, and deliveries of new builds deferred, there will continue to be a shortage of mariner officers, perhaps 33,000 for 2009, rising to 42,700 by 2013 according to one study.

The capacity of the world's container fleet (6,078 ships of all types, totaling 176 million tons deadweight, and 94.4% being cellular ships) reached 13 million teu and should reach 14 million teu by August. But container traffic on the east-west routes dropped 15% in the August 2008-February 1 period, from 916,000 teu per week to 780,000 teu. As a result, about 6% of the container fleet was idle in February and that figure was expected to rise. More box ships are being sold for scrap, with 120,000 teu being converted into rebar and razor blades in 2009.

Low fuel prices may mean there is no longer an excuse for steaming at low speeds and that may release many container ships to compete where there is already overcapacity. But giant shipper Maersk announced Asia-Europe cargo will travel via the Cape of Good Hope unless or until the Suez Canal lowers its rates. It costs about \$700,000 for a very large box ship to transit the Canal.

There are 640 specialized vessels that carry vehicles (with 70 more are being delivered this year) and increasing numbers of otherwise idle vehicle carriers are being serendipitously used to store excess vehicles while the remainder chase new work hauling construction equipment, trains, and other large objects they had previously ignored.

The Baltic Dry Index, a measure of shipping costs for commodities, soared another 14% as China resumed buying iron ore and coal but excess tonnage, mainly new build tankers, depressed VLCC rates for carrying crude oil from the Persian Gulf to the Far East. And maybe 40 supertankers are storing crude oil, hoping for a rise in prices.

Remember the master and first officer who were held in a Greek jail for months awaiting trial because drugs were found in one pallet of bananas on the banana boat *Coral Sea*? They were finally acquitted but only after the first officer suffered a mental and physical breakdown. Now he has died at home in Lithuania.

## Thin Place and Hard Knocks

Sinkings and near sinkings: The grain-carrying tanker *Gunay 2* sank off Marseilles after "suffering major damage to the forepart." The crew of ten were OK.

Off Sumatra's Bangka Belitung province the Indonesian cargo vessel *Bangka Jaya Express* sank in heavy seas. Only four of the crew of 13 were saved.

Off Puerto Plata in the Dominican Republic the master of the 196' freighter *Explorer 1* notified the ship's agent via satellite phone that the ship was sinking so a US Coast Guard Jayhawk helicopter took off the seven crewmen.

Off Morocco a German sailboat sank in a Force 8 gale outside Mahdia harbor and only one of its crew of seven survived. She swam ashore.

# Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

Collisions and allisions: In Alaska the supply vessel *Monarch* was alongside the Granite Point oil platform when ice pushed the vessel against the platform until the *Monarch* filled and sank on its side in 86' of water. Salvage may be difficult.

In Indonesia, off the northern coast of Maumere, the freighter *KM Mujur 1* ran aground. The crew stayed on board until they ran out of food and then they hiked to the nearest village for help and food. The Indonesian navy soon picked them up.

At Rotterdam the LPG tanker *Epsom* alided with the end of a breakwater and damaged its bulbous bow and forward bottom. It went into a specialized Rotterdam shipyard where special hot-work precautions were taken since the vessel was in "VCM Vapour" conditions. VCM probably stands for vinyl chloride monomer which is highly flammable.

Groundings: The mate on duty fell asleep so the timber laden *Mirabelle* ran aground in Hardanger Fjord in Norway. All 11 crew were saved. This same vessel hit Denmark's Great Belt Bridge (Storebæltsbroen) in 2005, only that time the mate on duty lost his life. He was intoxicated.

In the Estonian port of Miiduranna the smallish tanker *Oderstern* ran aground but was pulled off two hours later. "Only paintwork" was damaged.

At the port of Mesaieed in Qatar, the geared-bulker *Manhattan Princess* ran aground on the Arif coral shoal. Four harbor tugs pulled the ship free on the third attempt.

At Owendo, Gabon, the bulker *Vinalines Saigon*, laden with 21,000 tonnes of logs, ran aground on a lava rock and opened up the forepart of its hull. After removing part of the cargo, the ship was pulled free by a big tug.

Fire and explosions: The Cambodian-flagged *Able Marino* had a boiler room and engine room fire while moored at Nakhodka seaport in Russia's Far East.

And the Russian super-trawler *Ekarma-7* (6,363 tons) was left drifting in the Sea of Okhotsk when fire broke out in piles of cardboard boxes in the fish compartment.

In Dubai, a series of confusing news reports issued by usually reliable press agencies announced that off the port of Jebel Ali, the feeder container ship *Sima Sahba* or *Sima Saba* or *Sema Saba* (or just possibly one of the sisters *Sima Sadaf* or *Sima Sama*, news accounts were variable as to the feeder ship's name) tee-boned the tanker *Kashmir* and set on fire its cargo of 30,000 tons of oil condensate, a byproduct liquid from natural gas. The feeder ship was also in flames. Photos showed only one tank of the tanker's twenty-two tanks to be ablaze and producing a towering plume of black smoke but later reports said the fire was extinguished within an impressive two hours and no one had been killed or even seriously hurt. And the tanker turned out to be the *Sima Saman*.

People saved: The Australian livestock ship *Becrux* came across three Indonesian fishermen who had been drifting on a make-shift raft after their fishing boat sank. The raft had been made from wreckage with plastic bottles tied on for additional buoyancy.

That was just days after two Myanmar fishermen were rescued off Australia's far north coast. Their "raft" was a tall plastic fish box just big enough so they could stand up in it. Fish in the box's bottom and monsoon rains kept them alive for twenty-five days.

And off Japan, the worried family of a fisherman spotted his capsized boat and called the city fire department. He was rescued after treading water for 15 hours using only his arms. He had "disabled legs" and no life jacket.

People killed: A gangway at a Japanese shipyard at Oita collapsed, killing two and injuring twenty-four of the nearly forty workers on it. All four hooks gave way simultaneously and the "three-ton" gangway was found to actually weigh about six tons.

In a Philippine shipyard, two workers died. One was run over by a fast-moving forklift while going after a stray ball while playing basketball, the other when a "curtain door" being installed by a crane broke free and fell on him and injured another worker.

In the Far North, getting fuel to remote communities is often difficult and dangerous. In southern Greenland at the village of Saaloq, two mariners in a small boat were dragging ashore a hose from the small tanker *Orasila* when the boat capsized. Both drowned and soon after the tanker ran aground in heavy winds. It got off a few days later.

In Turkey, yet another shipyard worker at Tuzla died of his injuries, this time when he was crushed between "the iron doors of storehouse on a ship." His was the one-hundred-nineteenth fatality in local yards in the last seven years.

In Bangladesh at Chittagong, three Chinese sailors fell and died while cleaning tanks on the tanker *Zhong Ye 6*.

Others: At Frederikshavn, Denmark, the seismic vessel *CGG Venturer* fell off keel blocks in a floating drydock. The resulting boom shook much of the port area.

At Laos, the container ship *MSC Rhone* was trapped in port by an excessively shallow channel while trying to unload at the Tin Can Island Port.

In the English Channel the Russian cargo ship *Sinegorsk* dumped half (1,500 tonnes) of its deck cargo of bundled sawn lumber during a Force 9 gale. The timber stayed together in clumps for a long time and eventually came ashore and into the custody of Her Majesty's Receiver of Wrecks.

## Gray Fleets

Embarrassingly close to the runways of the Honolulu Airport, the guided-missile cruiser *USS Port Royal* ran aground on rocks at the edge of an anchorage area. It took some lightening and several pulls over three days by nine tugs and tug-like vessels to free the warship. Both screws were badly damaged, as was the bow sonar dome, and the commanding officer was temporarily relieved of duty.

Did an Indian *Kilo*-class submarine and two Chinese destroyers play games such that the sub was forced to the surface? A Chinese newspaper said yes but both governments denied that story. However, such testing of systems, tactics, and possible opponents is not unheard of.

Malaysia took delivery of its first submarine, a French *Skorpene*, and it was named the *KD Turku Abdul Rahman*.

A German sub builder has recently acquired orders from South Korea (six material kits), Italy (components for two subs), and Co-



lumbia (material packages for modernization and maintenance of the Columbia navy's submarines A.R.C. Pijao and A.R.C. Tayrona).

When will Russia deliver the *Akula-II*-class nuclear submarine *Nerpa* to India? Not soon. That is the sub on which many died during a trial voyage last year after a sailor triggered fire-suppression systems. Lack of both a trial crew and cash were cited as reasons for the delivery delay.

The French nuclear missile submarine *Le Triomphant* ran into a submerged object (possibly a container) and damaged its sonar dome but none of its crew.

In New Zealand, four brand-new in-shore patrol vessels have been idle for up to 18 months. "Penny-pinching" by the previous government (New Zealand just had a national election) was given as the cause but safety problems with the IPV's inflatable boats seemed a more realistic reason.

In the UK, the dispute between the First Sea Lord and the Chief of the Air Staff over whether the RAF should take over flying duties of the Fleet Air Arm reached such intensity that an Army general with no flying experience was named to resolve the issue.

And the stricken British Antarctic patrol vessel *Endurance* will be loaded onto the heavy-lift ship *Target* in the Falkland Islands and brought back to the UK for a refit.

### White Fleets

The owner of the cruise ship *Sea Diamond* made "a final act of good will" by offering to extract the oil remaining in the sunken vessel. Due to errors in official Greek charts, it ran aground in April, 2007, and eventually sank in the large volcanic crater that is the principal feature of the island of Santorini. Most of the oil has already been removed.

At Los Angeles, a 31' fishing boat "erratically" made within 30' of the oncoming cruise ship *Golden Princess*. The 109,000-ton cruise ship is 951' long.

Fog prevented the *Dawn Princess* from entering Otago Harbour in New Zealand's South Island and the ship anchored several kilometers offshore and ferried its 2,000 passengers ashore to visit the Southern Hemisphere's city of Dunedin. Some tours were cancelled.

Two passengers broke bones when 50' waves hit the *Balmoral* in the Bay of Biscay.

In Hawaiian waters, the norovirus successfully attacked 67 of 1,837 aboard the *Pride of America*.

At Singapore, the 17,000gt *Flamenco* will be sold at auction because of unpaid bills and fleetmates *Van Gogh* and *Alexander von Humboldt* may also be auctioned if not bought first by other operators.

On the inland waters of the US, the *River Explorer* cruise-barge complex and most of the stern-wheeler cruise boats have ceased operations but the venerable (and fire-vulnerable due to its wooden cabins) 82-year-old *Delta Queen* was chartered to be a floating boutique hotel at Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Extremes in human drama took place at opposite ends of the globe. The *Bremen* was well south of New Zealand when a crewmember seriously injured his hand. The ship headed for sub-Antarctic Campbell Island some 700km from the mainland. Two helicopters buddy-flew to the cruise ship, lifted the injured man, landed on Campbell Island to refuel, and then flew to the Southland Hospital at Invercargill.

On the American West Coast, the *Carnival Paradise* returned to Long beach from

a Mexican cruise without two passengers, a 90-year-old man and his 79-year-old wife. Their cabin door was double-locked from the inside, a "Do Not Disturb" sign hung from the doorknob, and all their belongings were inside. Their cabin opened to a private balcony and that door was unlocked. Those That Go Back and Forth

In Indonesia, the ferry *Teratai Prima* capsized and sank in heavy seas and high winds in the Makassar Strait and took with it perhaps three-hundred-thirty or more of its passengers and crew. As usual in that part of the globe, no complete list of who was aboard was available but thirty-five, including the master, did survive. He faces charges of criminal negligence.

In Vermont, the cross-Lake Champlain ferry *Cumberland* hit pilings at Grand Isle "stronger than normal" and snapped them off. Reportedly, the master chose to hit the pilings rather than the dock. A company spokesperson said, "I wouldn't characterize it as a crash. I'd characterize it as they bumped into the dock harder than they normally do." In any case, four people suffered minor injuries. There was no report of the speed at the time of allision but the ferry normally hits 10kts on its trips.

The *Stena Voyager*, bound for Northern Ireland, returned to the Scottish port of Stranraer because a lorry had burst through the after car deck doors and was hanging outside. Heavy lift equipment was needed to remove the lorry so the ferry could dock and passengers and other vehicles could get off.

In Alaska, the unmanned, state-owned ferry *Lituya* broke free from its moorings and ended up with one end parked on an island about a mile away. It was eventually freed, somewhat damaged..

### Legal Matters

Two firms had the *Oceanic*, a cruise ship (formerly the American liner *Independence*) towed westward from the West Coast without all necessary legal papers. Their original application to the Maritime Administration stated that the ship would be used to house laborers in the Persian Gulf but that was later changed to export for disposal. They were sued by the Environmental Protection Agency for violating the Toxic Substances Control Act by exporting PCBs for disposal. The owners now must pay a \$486,000 penalty.

A former US shipping executive was sentenced to four years in jail and he must pay a \$20,000 criminal fine for his part in an antitrust conspiracy involving shipments to and from Puerto Rico over a six-year period.

A French court fined a Danish company close to a million US dollars because its freighter *Vytautas* left a 37km long oil slick in the English Channel in June 2007.

### Illegal Imports

Two typical incidents: A boat carrying about 400 immigrants from Ethiopia capsized near Yemen and hundreds were missing.

The US Coast Guard rescued fifty illegal Dominicans from the water and searched for other survivors. They came from a sunken boat that had been trying to reach Puerto Rico.

### Nature

The container carrying *Westerhaven* tore through 11,000 square meters of coral barrier reef when it grounded near Caye Glory, Belize. That will cost the owners at least \$26.9 million, maybe three times that figure.

The master briefly explained that the ship had been on autopilot and then he skipped town.

Boeing/Insitu's ScanEagle small UAV (unmanned aircraft vehicle) is widely used by at least two nations on battlefields and at sea but was originally designed to spot dolphins so American fishermen could land "dolphin-safe" tuna.

In the Antarctic, photos seemed to show the Sea Shepherd Conservation's Dutch-flagged anti-whaling *Steve Irwin* crashing into the Japanese whale ship *Yushin Maru No. 2* while trying to keep it from processing a minke whale. The Japanese government lodged a protest with the Dutch Ambassador asking that the Netherlands take appropriate actions against the *Steve Irwin* for violently harassing and obstructing Japan's research whaling. The ambassador said he would pass the note on to his government.

### Metal-Bashing

In November 2007, the State of Washington took four large ferries out of service because they were 81 years old and in bad shape. They were sold to a Mexican scrapper for \$500,000 but he has refused to take delivery because scrap prices have dropped so drastically.

But beaches in China, India, Bangladesh, and Pakistan are full of ships being scrapped as owners get rid of smaller and older ships.

### Odd Bits

Cape Town hosted two rival sailors, both vying to be the youngest sailor to circumnavigate the world single-handed. Westbound Englishman (sic) Mike Perham, 16, stopped to make unscheduled repairs to his 50' sailboat. Eastbound (and ahead) American Zac Sunderland, 17, made a scheduled stop. Perham had hoped to make a non-stop voyage.

The Panama Canal Authority announced the exact dimensions for its new locks and that determines the new size for a Panamax vessel. For those interested: a lock size will be 427 metres long, 55 metres wide, 18.3 metres deep. A Panamax can then be 366 metres long, 49 metres beam, and 15.2 metres draft in tropical freshwater. The new locks should be operational in 2014 and tugs will take each vessel through the locks, replacing the traditional electric mules.

Before Admiral Lord Nelson's *HMS Victory*, there was an earlier *HMS Victory* that sank coming back from Portugal with four tons of gold coins. Now an American treasure company has found the wreck somewhere in the English Channel and outside of the UK's territorial waters. There was talk about a billion dollars of salvage.

### Head-Shakers

The standby/safety vessel *EJENAVI* was bound from Denmark to Nigeria anyway so it agreed to tow a small barge but soon forgot about it. The unmanned barge was found drifting in the English Channel and concerned authorities tracked down the towing vessel. It was 600 miles away and off the coast of Spain. The owner faces prosecution for not reporting the loss.

Roads in eco-conscious Seattle, Washington rarely get icy or snow-covered and the city has no attack equipment such as plows and the like. The city will not even acquire a few salt-spreading machines for fear that salt might get into Puget Sound! Puget Sound has a moderately salty 21-27lbs of salt per 1,000lbs of water vs an open-ocean value of about 36lbs.

# Cabin Clam Skiff *Grinder*

By Tom David

## Why Build Another Boat?



I built Bantam, Phil Bolger's low power, high efficiency trimaran in 2002 and my wife and I used it for 1,000 miles of cruising. We sold the Bantam September 28, 2008 to friends who trailered it to Cocoa Beach, Florida, where it is docked right outside their home. I had started a new boat in April, a modified Bolger Cabin Clam Skiff, and it was nearly finished and there was no room, in my brain or in the yard, for both boats.

## I Don't Really Know Why

I needed a project and I thought I might build something small to get from Jacksonville, Florida, to Washington, DC, via the Intracoastal. Just a quick something for semi-camping aboard that would move along pretty well if we needed to. I had the plans for the Cabin Clam Skiff, which I got because the looks appealed to me, and there was a good review of a completed project in Greece that was published in *MAIB*. I looked at Jim Michalek's Dorado and liked the Skiff-America and agreed with its designer Adams on most of his design goals:

Classic style (head turning appearance); modern leakproof construction (epoxy, taped seam); easily built using quality materials; durable; low maintenance; affordable; trailerable; easily launched from trailer; shoal draft; beachable; planing hull; efficient; long range; good load carrying ability; generous storage capacity; sea kindly and safe hull design; smooth riding; great handling and maneuverability; cruising for two or day trips for two families; comfortable accommodations.

At the top of my personal list would be serenity. The Bantam was very quiet and the new boat should be, too. I wrote Phil Bolger and asked if I could modify the Clam Skiff for a little more width. I could not figure out a way to get the great liveaboard capability of the Bantam in the 5' beam of the skiff. I loved the openness of the Bantam and the combining of the wheelhouse and living quarters. The cuddy cabin of most small boats seems to me wasted space. Bolger stressed this thought in his Bantam design and "liked the melding of the cuddy and cabin by the use of the full headroom glass cabin. The cockpit had shelter, the cuddy had a view, and both were twice the size they could have been if they'd been kept discrete."

With the Bantam we could cruise in fine weather with nothing but the top to protect us from the sun, and in cooler or rainy weather we could enclose the whole thing, and cruise in comfort with a 360° panoramic viewing.



Phil replied that he thought the Clam Skiff could use a little more boat in the water since the photos he had seen of the Cabin Clam Skiff looked like the boat was down at the stern a little. He wished me luck but had too much going on to help with plans.

The big problem to be solved was how two people could sleep comfortably yet have room to move around, cook, get out of the cabin, etc., in the 5'x8' space. We slept on the two 2' wide berths on the Bantam and liked it, but I could not figure out a way to do it on the skiff. Could my wife and I sleep on something the size of a standard single bed? Yes. How to get a single bed in a space so small and still have room for a galley, a table and seats, a steering station, and have space left to get around? The Bantam had cushions that we used for sitting and sleeping and I had the cushion thought stuck in my head. Cushions would have to be stored on the skiff because, unlike on the Bantam, I would not be lowering the roof and securing the cabin area when we were not onboard. Here is a photo of Bantam's cabin settee/sleeping arrangement.



At some point in my internet searches for a suitable mattress/cushion solution I found that there are good inflatable camp mattresses that inflate and deflate quickly on 12v power. Well, if I did not have to figure in how to cut, manage, and store at least 16sf of 3" thick cushions, the thing looked possible.

I overlaid my rough drawing on Bolger's plans. I increased the beam 7" inches to 5'7" and added a motor mount extension to lengthen the boat to 19'6". Boarding, working on the engine, getting back on after a swim all get a lot easier with that platform, and the extra length would float the 40hp 4-stroke as a bonus and watertight compartments float the stern in an emergency.



One thing we did not have on the Bantam was a permanent table/seating spot. I ended up hanging a table from the rear step and it worked very well but was in the way unless we were moored and didn't need to get around easily. The real starting point to the new cabin arrangement for the skiff would have to be the table.



## Figuring It Out and Building

Bolger designed the Clam Skiff at the request of his friend “Dynamite” Payson. He wanted “...a solid skiff that could stand generous power, carry a big load, and have flat footing right out to the side. Nothing about it should be hard to explain.” Bolger later modified the design to have a small sitting headroom cabin with a sliding roof and called it the Cabin Clam Skiff. I wanted standing headroom, a little more cabin space, and a swim platform/motorboard. I liked the hull being square sided and I could make my cabin ends the bulkhead structural members. If I made the chines triangular I could glass them and have a very smooth interior. Water that came aboard could drain right through limber holes on the sides of the bulkheads, through the cabin, and back to a bilge pump.

The boat is flat bottomed with a little rocker at the bow. It has a huge 16” wide x 1½” deep shoe which Bolger said came from his experiments with cutwaters. How will the hull perform? I don’t know, but from what I’ve read, if I just slow down a flat bottom boat when the water is rough I’ll be OK. I want a canal cruiser that can jump up and run if the water is flat, and if for some reason I want to get the fun over with in a hurry. I think the big shoe and the 1” thick hull will make pounding less of a bother, but...

Here’s photo of the hull sides joined with “Payson Joints” and the bulkhead locating battens glued on. Getting to this stage pretty much means I’ll have a boat.

The hull sides are pulled together at the bow, and two layers of ½” A/C go on.



Then the big shoe and some trimming. So far, so good. The basic hull of the skiff builds in a hurry.



The two cabin end/bulkhead are cut a little long, attached to the floor and stern and motorboard go in.



The roof of the Bantam had to be redone because the foam/thin ply/glass sandwich was too heavy. Very stiff but too much weight. I tried to make the roof of the Cabin Skiff as light as I could while still using wood, not fabric. I crowned it slightly to make it stiffer, it weighs 48lbs without the grab rails or paint, more like a kind of wooden bi-mini. The edges slightly overlap the cabin on the sides and extend 6" in the stern, and 2' at the bow.

### Making a Convertible

Here's a photo of the cabin top,  $\frac{1}{8}$ " okoume for the top and  $\frac{1}{2}$ " for the frame.



Converting a completely open boat with a roof to a completely enclosed liveaboard cabin cruiser takes some doing. I didn't want to make the process take too much time or work and the whole enclosure still needed to be lightweight.

My first thought was to have split doors like the Bantam, with the top part of the door removable and the bottom part hinging down, and then to make very light 2' wide clear vinyl-faced window panels to close the rest to the cabin. With that in mind I made the battens for the roof 2' apart so I could store all the cabin enclosure panels and doors out of the way, on the underside of the roof. I did a trial fit of a couple mock panels and did not like where the idea was going so I found a source for vinyl fabricating and had windows and screens made. I'll attach them to the cabin uprights with a combination of common sense and lift the dot fasteners. The doors and rolled up windows and screens will store on the ceiling and I saved a little weight. I'm hoping for less than 15 minutes to go from open boat to enclosed cabin. We'll see.

### Mocking up the Cabin and Top

Here is the first mock up of the cabin. The top is held up by spruce posts  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " square. The uprights on the sides of the doors are laminates of  $\frac{3}{4}$ " spruce and  $\frac{3}{4}$ " rectangular aluminum tubing. They stop side to side movement of the top.

The posts bolt to the cabin sides and to the roof. The whole arrangement can be taken apart and lowered if the boat is going to trailer any real distance. Probably a few hours work taking down and setting up. I don't want to trailer the boat at high speed with the roof up for fear of wind damage.



### Eureka Moment

The interior of the cabin is 5'6"x8'. The inflatable mattress is 3'3"x6'2". I needed storage space, a place to steer, a galley, and a table and seats. When I figured it out and did the first rough install, pleased is too faint a word. Here is the first part of the solution. The table lowers and fits on cleats on the bins and becomes part of the jigsaw puzzle that makes up the base for the mattress.



### Cabin/Helm

The inside of *Grinder* came out way better than I thought possible, given the space constraints. Although the cabin is narrower and shorter than the Bantam, it feels as big, or bigger.

I made very lightweight seating/storage bins from  $\frac{1}{8}$ " okoume and the  $\frac{1}{4}$ " plywood packing crate that the okoume came in. They can be moved around, and even stacked, to change the cabin layout.



The galley has a shelf that makes the final extension of the base for the mattress. So on the port side the two 16"x24" seats, the 24"x32" table, and the galley shelf all work as the mattress base. On the starboard side is another identical 16"x24" bin and one 16"x50". The starboard bins "L" to give more helm room. To set the cabin up for sleeping, the table top lowers to the cleats on the two seats and the starboard bins slide over next to the other furniture.



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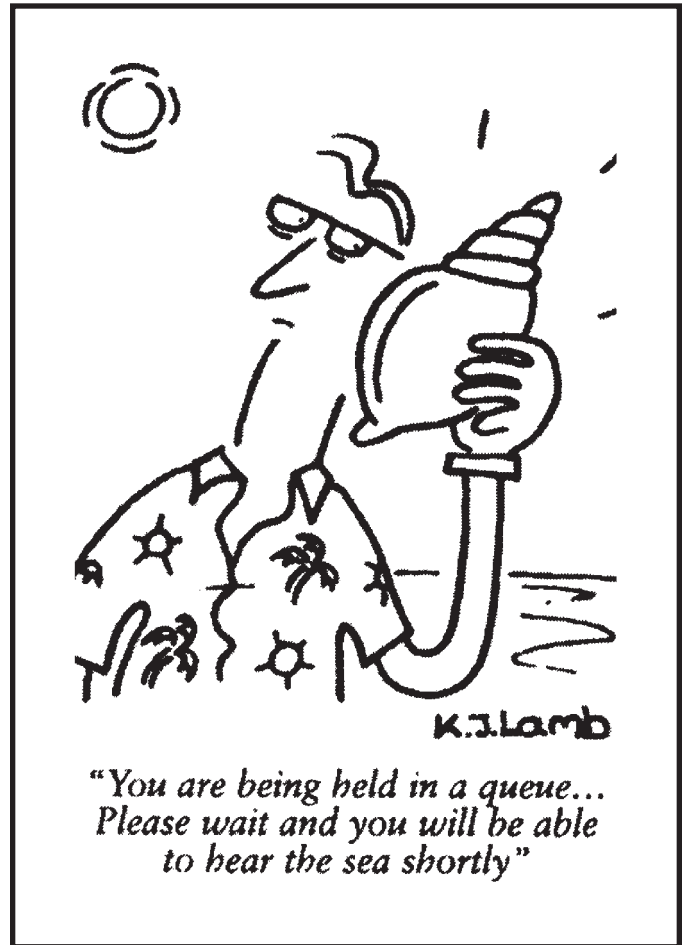


There is enough room, even when the bed is set up, to make some coffee, get underway and steer, or to go forward to the bow. Getting out the back door means stepping over the edge of the mattress.

An Origami folding tender and oars fit under the shelf/seat on the port side of the bow. How cool is that?



The engine, controls, instruments, etc., will go in this spring. Hard to wait.



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# CRAB's Wheelchair Boat Project

By Frances Scott Van Liew

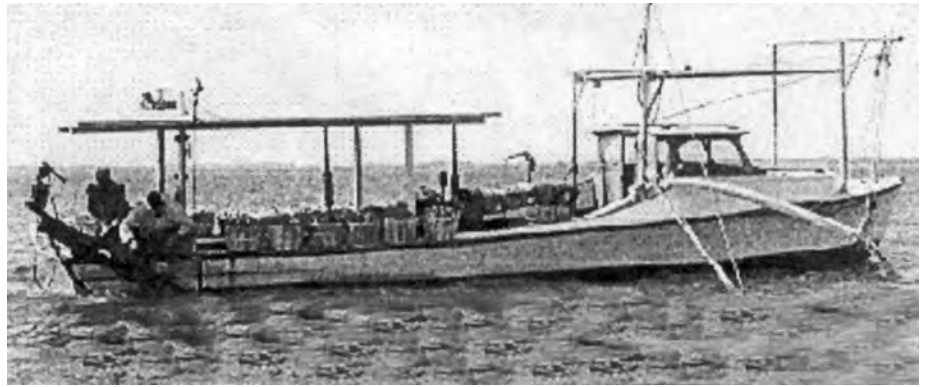
After years of enjoying sailing and motor boating I was stricken with a totally debilitating case of multiple sclerosis. In addition, I also developed spinal stenosis creating such pain and immobility that my boating days abruptly ended. I could not even slide along a transfer box and be gently lowered into one of CRAB's fleet of 20' sailboats by skilled, helpful volunteers. Getting on board our new large family sailboat was also out of the question.

Then I learned about CRAB's innovative plan that would prove the doctors wrong about people with my disabilities and their chances to enjoy the Bay.

I noticed that CRAB has, over the years, proudly showed wheelchairs being left ashore or on a dock while people with disabilities were out sailing on the Bay, gaining self reliance and that feeling of independence that life on the water freely gives to all those who can experience it. It's an encouraging sight, but, as I discovered, not entirely inclusive.

What happens to those who might as well be "attached" to their wheelchairs? Pain from movement kills normal enjoyment. When it hurts too much, even your greatest joy flees from you and you start shrinking your world to only those activities that your thresholds of discomfort can tolerate while plopped down in a wheelchair.

The answer was to expand the type of boating experiences offered by modifying an existing Bay proven boat to accommodate those who can't comfortably leave their chairs. CRAB's Bay Power Boat Project was born. The very same board members and friends of CRAB who solved the problem of overnight sailing to distant ports of call for those with disabilities by modifying the catboat Doubler worked and worked and then the solution came together. Why not take an existing commercial Bay boat and modify it using CRAB's vast experience with boaters with disabilities and our in-house naval architecture knowledge?



An easy-to-modify commercial Bay boat.

The commercial designs used on the Bay for crabbing, oystering, and party fishing are stable, economical and have the deck space to maneuver around in wheelchairs without "traffic jams" on the main deck. Combine a basic, great boat plan with through-the-stern, water-tight wheel chair accessible boarding doors and ramps to floating piers and easy to enter and use private "heads" and we have an easily boarded and utilized craft no matter what the tide range or level of pain of the new wheel chaired power boater.

Even though I love sailing, in my present condition (like many others), any type of boating without pain will be wonderful no matter what kind of craft is available. And getting as many people out on the Bay is what CRAB has been all about for the past 22 years. But, until now, that goal of boating for those with every type of disability was not to be reached.

CRAB is actively seeking a late model Bay boat for modification. The boat will be obtained thanks to a generous donor. What CRAB needs now is help in paying for the modifications to the stern and facilities down below as well as the steering station to share the fun of piloting the craft with all on board.

Readers who feel they'd like to support this effort are invited to contact CRAB for more details as to how they can help:

Chesapeake Region Accessible Boating (CRAB), PO Box 6564, Annapolis, MD 21401, (410) 626-0273, [www.crab-sailing.org](http://www.crab-sailing.org)

## A Message from Don Back Executive Director, CRAB

In today's economy I think we need to re-evaluate what is really important to each of us.

We make a living from what we get.

We make a life from what we give.

What we have done for ourselves dies with us.

What we have done for others in the world is immortal.

I think the reason why these thoughts struck me so powerfully is that they relate closely to my personal experience of life, especially after the accident that left me a paraplegic. I find that the more I focus my resources on the welfare of others, the more happy and satisfied I am with my life.

I am asking those so inclined to focus some of your resources on the Chesapeake Region Accessible Boating (CRAB) program of sharing the joy of the Bay and sailing, and now Power Boating, with people who have various disabilities. Specifically, we need your help with modifying this Bay boat as described above to accommodate those who must remain in their wheelchairs due to injury or illness and especially the pain of movement.

We at CRAB will be exceedingly grateful for any size gift you can make to us at this time. Because, when we all work together for a common good we can succeed.

## CRAB Boats for Sale

CRAB accepts donations of boats for resale as fund raiser for its activities with disabled boaters

### Sailboats

**14' Solar Sailers (2)**, '93 & '95 @ \$1,900. One trailer \$400. Buy both boats, get trailer free! TPI built, Gary Hoyt design, good lake resort boat for guests.

**15' '93 Designer's Choice Daysailer**, main, jib, free trailer. \$900.

**17' Ocean Yachts 17 Daysailer**, open cockpit, main & jib. All parts including trailer. A fixer-upper. Nice looking hull. \$199.

**15' Waverider Trimaran/Kayak**, w/sail. Call.

**22' '84 Hunter 22**, keel model. 2 mains, r/f jib, 8hp electric start longshaft 4cycle Tohatsu ob, autohelm. Needs chainplate work; otherwise good. \$2,000.

**25' Cal 25**, '70, recent main, genny, w/jib, spinnaker, Bimini. 9.9hp OMC Yachtwin ob. In sound condition, ready to go. \$2,000

**27' C&C 27**, '71, Atomic 4, main, R/F genny, w/jib, Bimini. Clean, ready \$6,000.

**30' Cape Dory Cutter**, '83, Volvo MD 2, wheel, main, jib & staysail. Structurally sound, woodwork needs attention: cabin sole, galley, toe rails, etc. \$12,000.

**30' Morgan 30 MII**, '73, Atomic 4, recent Awlgrip on hull, 10 bags of sails. \$5,000.

**30' Tartan 39**, '75, Atomic 4, main, R/F jenny. \$4,500.

**33' Pearson 33**, '71, Atomic 4, wheel, R/F 3 sails. Ideal k/cb for Chesapeake. Very decent for her age. \$9,000.

Coming in: **Catalina 30**, '84, wheel, Diesel, R/F. Turnkey. Call.

### Power Boats

**25' Tiara Express Cruiser**, V/8 1/0, cockpit cover. Well kept, bad engine. Call.

**34' Chris Craft Crowne 34**, '95, twin 454ci Volvos straight drives, 338hrs. Available for long term charter.

Call: Don Backe, Executive Director, for prices/appointment – (410) 626-0273 – [Crab-sailing.org](http://Crab-sailing.org)



Stripper is a ribless canoe made from narrow wood strips, covered with fiberglass inside and out. The composite construction produces high strength with low weight while displaying the natural beauty of the wood.

This is the type of craft that brings out the ooh's and aah's from observers. Natural wood provides warmth and richness to the sleek lines of the canoe. Yes, these craft are labor intensive but the building method requires more patience than skill. The material required for building is relatively inexpensive in comparison to the worth of the finished craft.

Stripper can be built 16' or 17' long. Both sizes are detailed in the plans and instructions. Full size patterns are provided for all forms and watertight bulkheads. All aspects of construction are detailed from the simple building jig through the planking process. Instructions supplement the plans with step-by-step descriptions and a Bill of Materials.

#### Complete Plans

Include full size patterns for the seven frame forms, bow and stern stem forms, and complete plans, instructions, and bill of materials.



## Top Ten Designs

Since opening for business in the '60s Glen L Marine Designs has turned out hundreds of designs for home builders. The ten most popular designs in terms of plans sold are overwhelmingly for small outboard speedboat type skiffs. We will be bringing you each month a look at these top ten, continuing the countdown in this issue with #9.

### #9 Stripper

A 16' or 17' Strip Planked Canoe

#### Characteristics

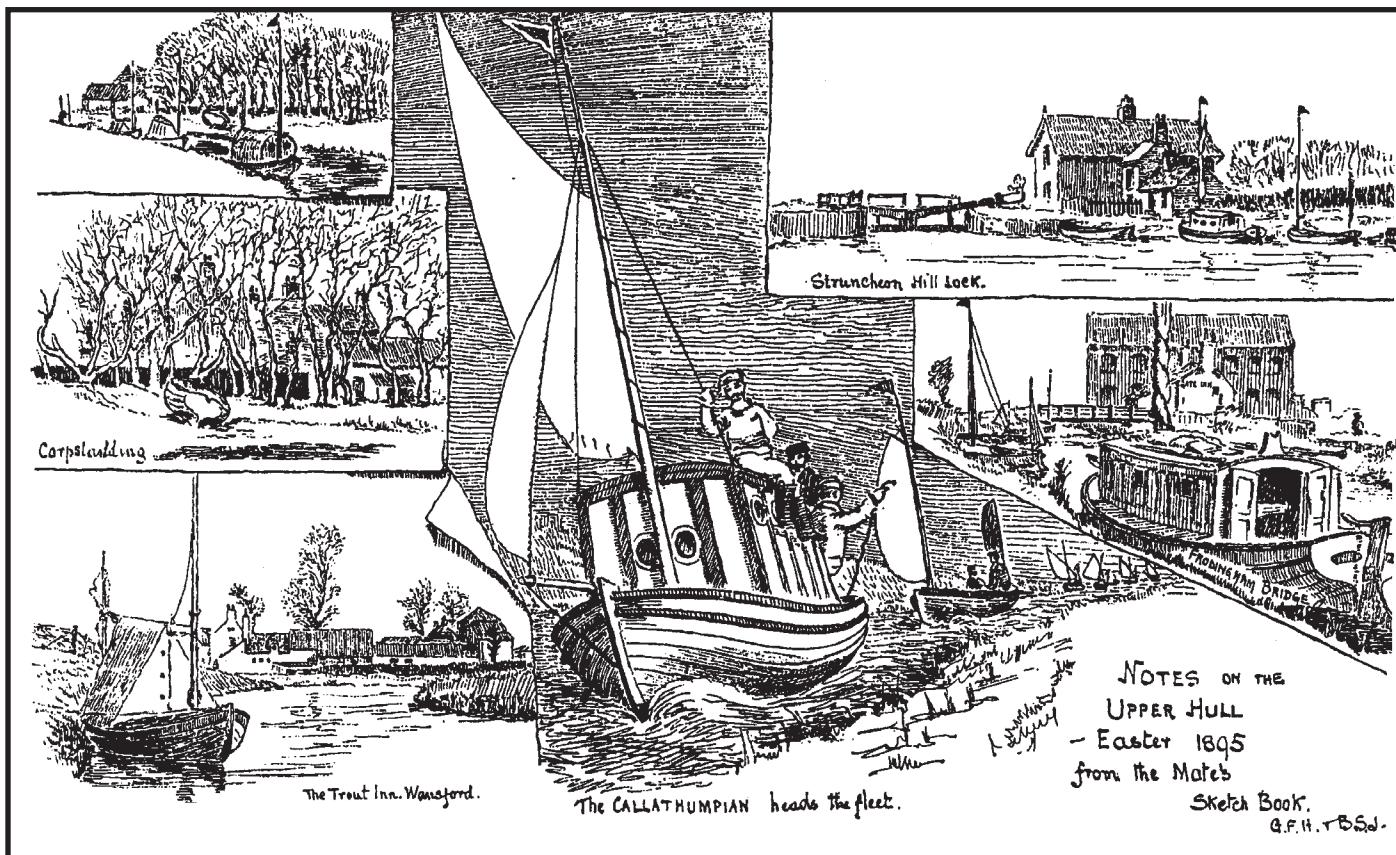
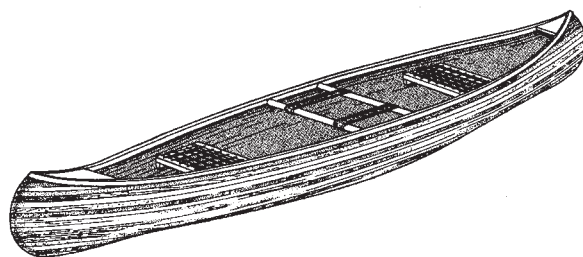
Length Overall	16'	17'
Beam	34"	34"
Depth Amidships	13"	13"
Will support 600lbs gross weight with 6" draft. Will submerge approximately 1" for each additional 145lbs (will vary with type of lumber used)		
Weight (approximately)	50lbs	60lbs
Hull type: Double-ended, round bilge canoe designed for wood strip planking		
Trailer: Designed for use with Canoe/Kayak boat trailer plans		
To assure accuracy and to get a head start, a Frame Kit is available that includes plans.		

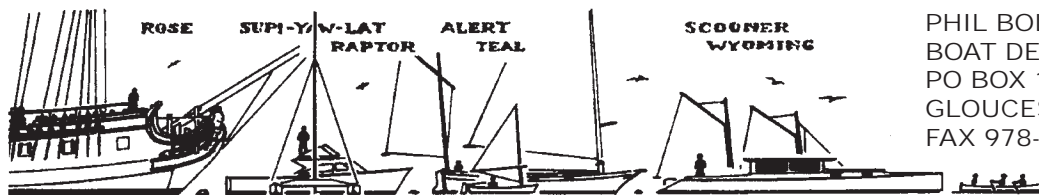
#### Available For This Design

- Plans and Patterns
- Fastening Kit
- Fiberglass Kit
- Frame Kit

#### Frame Kit

Building your own Stripper is faster and easier with a Frame Kit. Each Frame Kit includes: All form members, stem forms, complete plans with instructions, bill of materials, and fastening schedule. UPS shippable, weight approximately 36 lbs.





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In early February 2009 rumors were confirmed in our daily newspaper, the *Gloucester Daily Times* ([gloucestertimes.com](http://gloucestertimes.com)), that several regional Commercial Fishing Industry Advocacy groups had silently worked on a bailout package for themselves. Six New England senators (Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Maine) had been approached with a \$140,000,000+, \$140 million!) to be slid sideways into the mega billion hopper of national calamity resolution efforts. Silent planning and cultivation of these key US senators had been ongoing since Fall '08 according to later reports. Ted Kennedy's office finally let it be known that the package had been "dead-on-arrival" since December.

So what? Well, the National Marines Fisheries Service (NMFS) has been rumored for years to write regulation under the guiding policy of reducing the number of vessels in the fleet to a few hundred. Reasons were claimed to be: a) the need to reduce pressure on the resource; and b) easier administration of the various fishing permits/licenses.

In regards to a), there are a range of approaches to foster the ongoing recovery of most of the key species of interest to the fleet and counting numbers of vessels is at best one of many and a decidedly inferior one:

- larger types will require deeper water piers than many New England hole-in-the-wall fishing villages typically feature;
- they need larger scale repair and supply facilities;
- would therefore concentrate in fewer ports;
- which, in turn, necessitates the progressively dubious notion of unnecessarily longer steaming times in an industry that cannot evade energy cost increases. After all, the commercial fishing industry is essentially in the transportation business, hauling gear, crew ice, bait, etc, to the grounds and hoping to return with the harvest/catch/kill to pay for that expense;
- there is no need for factory trawlers in New England since most fishing grounds are within ready reach of shore facilities scattered up and down the coast to do the auctioning, processing, value adding, etc, for shipment to nearby and distant markets.

Furthermore, the agility inherent in the myriad of individual mostly independent decision-makers have for decades and centuries proven to be superior in their daily responsiveness to the weather, ecological uncertainty, and the challenges of the market. In many ways superimposing an alien (and aging) dictate of economy-of-scale on the socio-economics and ecology of this regional fishery reflects a distance to the full spectrum of elements that structure this economic engine along our shoreline.

In regards to b), in the age of satellite transponders aboard about every com-

## Bolger on Design

### Messing About in Fishing Boats

#### Chapter 11

mercial fishing vessel, cheap processing power and memory, supporting ever more powerful software, this notion seems peculiarly oldish as well. Therefore, the conclusion has circulated that corporatization motivation drives this approach following the the bigger-must-be-better textbook mantra quoted above. To what extent any shore community will be willing to reserve its key waterfront to corporate fish conduits with neither local roots nor any durable allegiance based on a motivated stakeholder workforce, ready to be abandoned at the whim of a distant board seems under-investigated in this scheme as well. Some reckon that this model is based on an aging study of sorts oriented by mono-dimensional reference-marks likely financed by a few would-be monopolists.

One of the leading fisheries groups, the North East Seafood Coalition (NESC) located here in Gloucester, had spearheaded this bailout proposal citing this NMFS policy. Rather than challenging these and more underlying assumptions, they seemed to have de facto embraced that rumored NMFS policy and came to claim in public, after the scheme was unexpectedly revealed, that culling the fleet to half and less was a good idea for everybody. Voices along the waterfront immediately contextualized that statement with a quick calculation as to who had accumulated control over how many permits and found policymakers with certain advantages on that matter.

The *Gloucester Daily Times* editors lambasted the secrecy of the proposal, questioning the long term health of fishing-dependent shore communities if some industry groups hatched proposals to pay off much of the surviving fleet. Sums well below and well above \$140 million has been produced in certain ports on an annual basis. That seemingly large budget line item would not go far to address the long term economics of this whole region. One thousand permits would produce a \$140,000 one-time payoff. That sum dictates a no-return mandate for large parts of the fleet for folks in their 30s, 40s, 50s, and 60s; i.e., a loss of a professional career for good. Significant on its face value, losing your work for good shrinks that check something fierce, not to mention finding yourself out of work in the middle of a recession looking for re-training while you

try to pay off debt accumulated during the struggle to survive this far, justified by the scientifically assured promise of resource-recovery to sustainable and lucrative levels just a few years away.

NESC public voice Jackie O'Dell had little patience with the *GDT* attitude and stated that the package might still make it. It did not make it. But before Congress had voted on the economic recovery package we chimed in as well and shared this perspective below with our state's key players. We're sure they never heard us, but NESC did. By mid February both of us also spoke out along these lines before the New England Fisheries Management Council's Winter Meeting in Portsmouth New Hampshire. Instead of such fleet culling schemes we urged consideration of this alternative perspective outlined below and proposed for the Council to convene a conference on least carbon opportunities for the fleet alongside a thorough review of the body of regulation for mandates that force high carbon craft and operations on the fleet, were recent and intended or orphaned zombie regs that will keep haunting the industry if not outright killed off for good. We'll see whether the "Age of Obama" and the arrival of a likely less corporate friendly national administrator of NMFS will at last move the Council to re-examine opportunities along these lines. We first raised many of these issues before that body in 2003! Here is our text that would be printed, slightly edited, in the *GDT* issue of February 9, 2009:

Letter to the Editor of the  
*Gloucester Daily Times*  
"Towards a 'No-Fisherman-Left-Behind' Policy"

"Jackie O'Dell of the North East Seafood Coalition chastises the *Times* and all other critics, including hesitant senators presumably, with her claim that this proposal to cull 50% of the fleet is the best possible future for fleet and ports. While constructive earlier in selected matters affecting the industry, the Coalition's latest maneuver is the tragic, destructive conclusion to many years of failing to address key issues vital to the future of this essential industry, its shore base and, of course, the resource:

#### 1) Perpetuating 1980s Type Vessel Economics

There is an archaic notion set in Federal Code that a vessel's size is defined by its length rather than its weight. This has resulted in a fleet that has gotten wider, deeper, heavier for its length, and thus much more fuel/carbon intensive, while fuel and hardware costs were projected to go up and allowed catch was projected to go down.

The Coalition never asked for relief from this indefensible remnant of ancient code, even though classification by weight



would be resource neutral. By 2009 the Fleet Structure remains based on assumptions of the '80s and '90s when fuel was about \$1/gallon and regulation mild.

## **2) Accepting High Fuelburn Concepts Such as:**

- a) time limits that favor high-speed/high-horsepower/high-cost vessels;
- b) high horsepower/high operational cost fisheries practices in pursuit of species that are sustainably and profitably catchable with low carbon approaches;
- c) all without examining line-by-line regulation as to its inherent energy cost to the local independent fisherman.

## **3) Dismissing 21st Century Least-Carbon Opportunities**

a) Fishermen who, for instance, are interested in green approaches such as hybrid-power/wind-assisted technologies find no resonance in Coalition policies; the acquisition of hybrid cars has long been incentivized by tax-benefits.

b) Coalition leaders dismiss any future in prototyping fishing craft to advance economy, ecology and safety.

c) In December 2004 NE NMFS Administrator Patricia Kurkul offered to the fleet an R&D permit to pursue advanced low-carbon hull and propulsion geometries. To this day the Coalition has ignored this gesture as well.

## **4) Defining Capacity Reduction Most Destructively**

The Coalition's secret plan to expel from their professional life half of fishermen and their businesses reflects the apparent conviction:

a) that it is unavoidable to perpetuate the '80s style high carbon habits and hardware of that surviving fleet;

b) that strength lies in shrinking numbers of fishermen, the discard of their industrial knowledge, the further decline of their shore communities, and the alienation of any young who would consider a future in the fleet;

c) that it is OK to bring fleet and ports closer to large scale corporatization into company fleets and towns, risking this industry's hallmark day-to-day flexibility to nimbly respond to challenges of weather, resource, and market.

Regulators, environmental watchdog groups, and civilians have watched this spectacle unfold for many years.

## **2009 is Indeed the Time for Change**

The Summer '08 spike in Diesel fuel cost to the fleet at \$4.53 was a warning of things to come!

Individual fishermen doubted their ability to remain commercially viable without an impossibly high fish price to the market. In this time of new leadership here in Gloucester and the nation, the sensitivity is growing both in wheelhouses afloat and in offices ashore towards a mindset that embraces fundamental literacy in the advancing concepts of sustainability.

## **1) Re-defining Capacity Reduction"**

If the term capacity reduction is intended to reduce the fleet's impact on the recovering resource, then carbon intensive operations must be replaced one-to-one with greenest conceivable operations. This robustly prevents losses to the overall numbers of operations per port.

a) Least carbon fleet structure under least carbon regulation allows sharing of the

limited resource up to the time of recovery .

b) This resource neutral solution changes the pessimism of families and communities to cautious optimism.

## **2) Defining the Sustainable Fishing Fleet**

Any restructuring proposal must support broad-based up and down the coast governmentally and privately funded experimentation with:

- a) longer and leaner-per-given-weight hulls that require much less power;
- b) Hybrid propulsion geometries, including the use of wind power;
- c.) primary structural use of low-carbon renewable hull materials;
- d) Drone technology to reduce mother-ship energy consumption.

## **3) A More Constructive Proposal of Stimulus Funding**

a) Offer viable alternatives to the current fleet structure by supporting across all regions a number of R&D initiatives towards greenest conceivable and safest approaches to leanest vessel economics.

b) Offer bridge payment stipends over the next 18-24 months to keep afloat fishing families until greenest prototypes have demonstrated their viability and are ready to be multiplied in local boat building ventures.

c) Offer fishermen the right and incentives to migrate laterally from high carbon towards least carbon vessels and operational principles, using grants, tax incentives, lend-lease programs, etc.

Only after the Industry is presented with this full range of sustainable options should buy outs be offered.

## **4) A Future Well Beyond This Coalition Policy**

a) Retaining diverse fisheries industrial knowledge base and eventually growing it parallel to the pace of resource-recovery.

b) Correcting the imbalance of fleet demographics by offering a future in this industry to the next generation.

c) Revitalizing fishing industry port infrastructure to match resource and fleet sustainability.

d) Averting the creeping corporatization/vertical integration of the resource, fleet, and shore facilities at the expense of port community values, tax base diversity, local accountability, and risk and benefit sharing of this key port economic engine.

e) Enhancing seafood supply security by retaining the industry's proven model based on a myriad of independent decision-makers timely matching local opportunities and challenges, vs the risks inherent in a model based on remote corporate policies and inertia.

Ms O'Dell's coalition vision seems to see the remaining 50% fleet plowing deep into the 21st century, smug in high carbon entitlement, piously proclaiming inevitability in the callous discard of half of those brothers and sisters who have helped the industry survive this far, and alienating those who have tried to balance harbor and uplands interests in our port communities. One would expect our elected leaders to take a broader perspective on the future.

*Phil Bolger and Susanne Altenburger*

GDT Editor Ray Lamont's support in this matter was much appreciated. We expect that bail out scheme to re-emerge periodically such as in the preparation of the FY-10 budget deliberations.

In the meantime, as we try to clean our desks of long overdue work we contracted

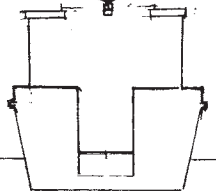
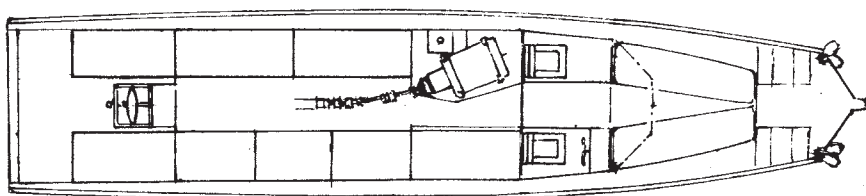
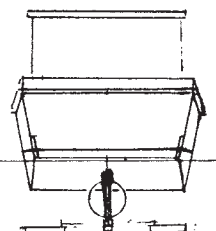
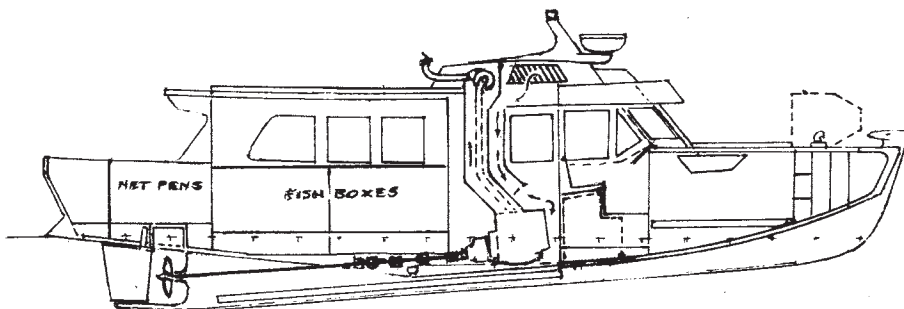
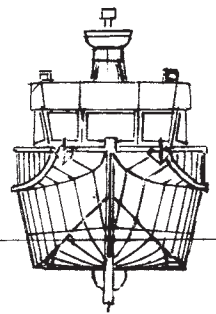
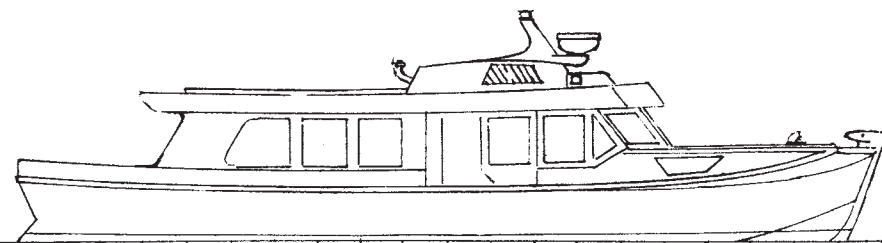
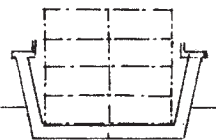
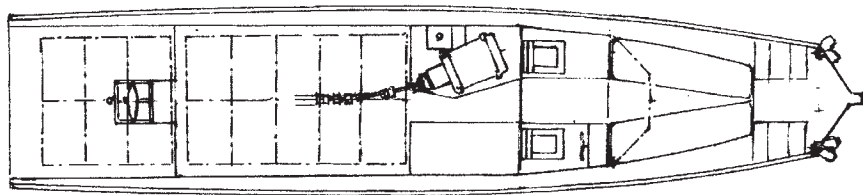
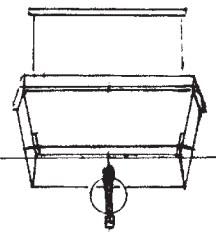
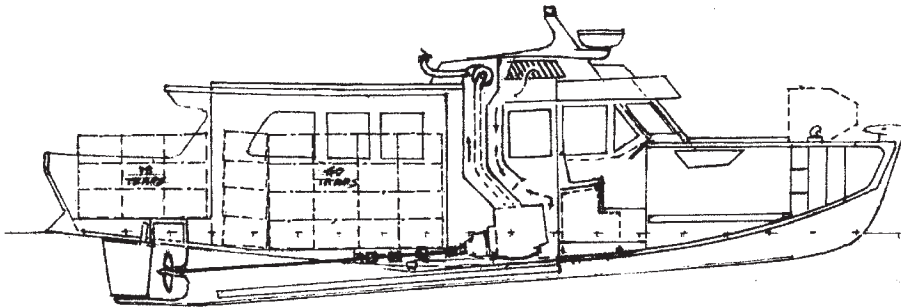
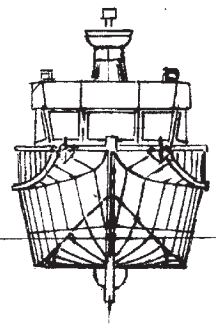
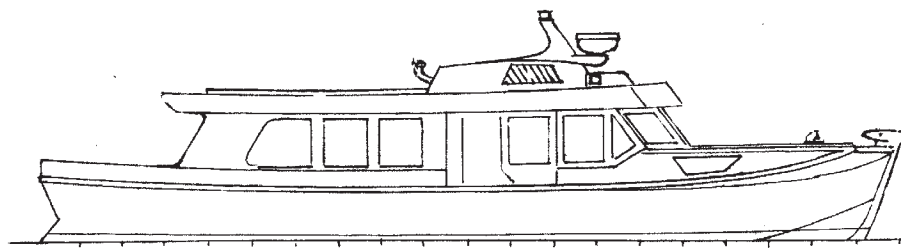
for eons ago, we've kept chewing on baseline designs that might offer alternatives to this much tested fleet. Based on reports by a range of gill-netter and long-lining fishermen, bringing home 4000-7000lbs of fish per two-man trip seems to pay the bill just fine with a good bonus on top for the risks and hardship. As the regional regulatory scheme will likely shift by 2010 from a time-based speed favoring high carbon model to one that allows at last to adjust to the inevitable rise of liquid energy cost, this study offers a lean option to migrate from a 300hp for 12-13kts to a 60hp (4-cylinder inboard Diesel) for 8+kts envelope, catching and carrying home the same amount of fish. Here are some more specs on this VeeNose Sharpie type:

- 40' overall
- 38' waterline length
- 8'10" beam over rubrails
- 7' beam at hull bottom/chine
- 3'4" draft over skeg at full load
- 4'3" freeboard at bow/raised deck
- 2'6" freeboard at net/line/pot-hauler
- 3'9" freeboard at stem
- 16,000lbs full load displacement
- 200 gals of diesel
- high sinking resistance with 2+ long tons of extra positive buoyancy level right-side up, plus roof volumes
- together with 1200lbs of skeg ballast for additional self-righting power, we just lost two friends of the cause at sea in a heavy steel dragger, cause yet to be determined, leaving widow with three-year-old and unborn child
- one version shows room to carry about 60 2'x3' lobster-traps stacked safely; i.e., about a 2000lbs load
- the other version features the modular insulated fish boxes large enough for about 5000lbs catch, typically leaving port load with one-third deep crushed ice to then be filled with seawater and our extra salt for brine to keep the catch at best levels of freshness over days if need be, additional catch can be carried in iced standard totes under the center-line sole-panels for another day perhaps, in most conditions she should be able to carry up to 8000lbs

As a reference point you may recall that our own 30-year-old live-aboard *Resolution*, 48'x11, 2'8"x31,000lbs, did near 9kts with a 23" two-blade driven by a 22hp SABB 2-cylinder Norwegian 'putt-putt,' hand startable and all ... Her current 90hp unit is overkill but was cheap and we know how throttle down.

The model shown here on half the weight pushed by a 21" prop via 3:1 gear fed by 57hp continuous duty seems downright conservative, with enough left to engage an engine driven clutched hydraulics pump along with swinging an additional larger alternator, all with enough left over to reliably steam into stiff headwinds and currents.

And, of course, what would work in the year-round commercial fisheries along the Continental Shelf of the Northeast Atlantic should serve well as a live-aboard with least carbon footprint along with the least cost entry budget to pursue that lifestyle for a few decades after retirement... Our efforts to find funding for prototyping continue. No nickels for this project in the \$140 million scheme ...





# Two Plus Two Equals Three and a Half

By Tom Fulk

What! You say that two plus two equals four? Well, not exactly if you are cutting oar shafts out of a standard lumberyard 4"x4". Here is a way to get two 2" diameter oar shafts out of a 4"x4" with finished dimensions of 3-1/2"x3-1/2". It is a useful shop technique if you are making 2" diameter oars out of standard lumberyard material. I sometimes make oars out of clear, kiln dried, Douglas fir 4"x4" stock for example.

The drawing shows how it is done.

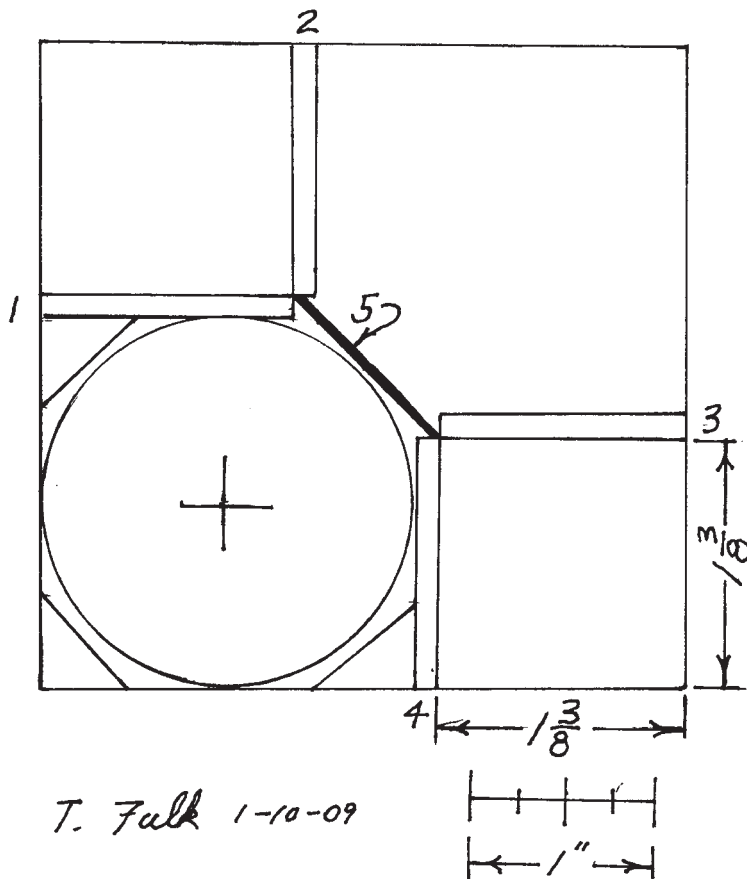
First, cut four saw kerfs with the blade set 1-3/8" from the fence, and set for the same depth of cut. These saw kerfs are labeled 1-4 in the drawing. The drawing assumes a kerf width of 1/8".

Next, lay the largest piece on any two corners, such as corners 1 and 2, or 3 and 4. Cut in the ditch with your band saw. This makes the cut labeled 5 in the drawing.

Tilt the table saw blade to 45 degrees, and complete cutting the rest of the corners off to make an octagon. If done carefully, the octagon should be 2" measured across the flats. If you want, you can jig up to cut a tapered shaft next, or you can plane the tapers.

From other stock, rip material for the oar blades and glue them onto the flats. This completes making a blank from which you can plane an oar. Using this technique you will have oar shafts which are 2" in diameter, with blades of any width you desire. There will also be some waste which you can use for another purpose.

## OAR LOOMS FROM 4 X4 STOCK



## Single Pin Oarlocks

By Tom Fulk

I have been experimenting with single pin oarlocks since reading about a set made by David Montgomery for Bolger's Spur II design. (Philip Bolger: *Boats With An Open Mind*). Here is the latest version which is easily and quickly made. It is designed to permit free rotation of the oarlock shaft in the socket and is removable. The advantage of the single pin oarlock is that the oar does not "walk" inboard as is the case with two-horned locks having a central pivot point.

### Construction Notes:

(Notes are keyed by number to the drawing.)

1. 1/2" stainless steel shaft, 5-5/8" long.

2. 5/32" 7x19 stainless steel wire rope.

3. Swaged copper stop.

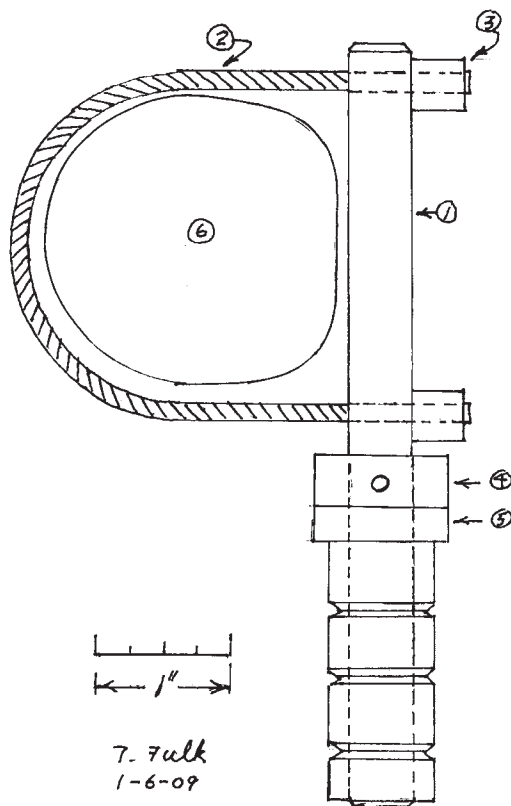
4. Naval brass collar riveted through pin.

5. Naval brass socket glued in place with epoxy. Note the fitting has machined grooves to permit mechanical as well as chemical bonding. A commercially made socket designed for a 1/2" straight shank oarlock could be substituted, but I have found those available to be of poor quality with a poor fit.

6. The oar should be slightly "D" shaped so the flat front engages the pin and registers the blade perpendicular to the water surface.

It is useful to make a 3/4" thick wood block shaped the same as the oar cross section at the oarlocks. It should be the same size and shape as the oar cross-section at the oarlocks measured over the leathers. This block can be used to determine the size of the wire loop. The loop should be large enough so the oar can be feathered without binding. I have found that 1/8" of clearance all around is sufficient. Different sized oars might be different in this requirement.

A retainer lanyard can be spliced or tied in around the shank just above the collar to prevent loss of the oarlock.



# Soft Tie-Downs for Car Topping

By Robert A. Musch

One challenge we all face when car topping small boats is finding secure places to tie lines to the front of a car. I'll admit that I have drilled holes in the bumper of an old beat up pickup truck and mounted eye bolts. However, this less than elegant solution is not suitable for a modern sedan.

A simple answer is soft tie downs. Open the hood of a car and in the front corner find a bolt with a large fender washer holding the fender to the radiator bracket. Remove the bolt and washer. Take a 12" length of 1" wide nylon strap and fold in half. This is the same nylon strap attached to those ratchet tie downs that you always cut your fingers on. Melt a hole through both ends with a soldering iron to prevent fraying. Insert the bolt and tighten down the washer back in the car. When not transporting a boat the nylon straps fold inside the engine compartment and cannot even be seen. To use the soft tie downs open the hood and flick the straps outside. One on each side of the hood provides a secure place to tie a bow line of a canoe or small boat.



## In My Shop

### Learning to Paint

By Mississippi Bob

It is mid-winter and I have a fleet that needs some TLC. I have too many boats and I'll paint up some and see if they sell in the spring.

As I was painting the bottom of my old sailboat it dawned on me how long it has taken for me to have learned to paint. I have been painting things for the past 65 years, you would think that I would have learned a few things by now. As a boy I had to help my Mom paint the house a couple of times. I would always be the guy who worked off the ladder and did all the high stuff that Mom wasn't comfortable trying to reach. My Dad was always busy earning a living, he left the simple house repair jobs to Mom and us kids. The only thing that he ever painted was his airplanes. He did teach me the basics of spray painting but neither of us was very good at it.

I have lots of painting experience but very poor training. While I was in the Coast Guard I did a lot of painting. We would just slop it on and that was that. All of the ships that I served on were white and they were all steel so I learned to slop on red lead and cover it with white. Chipping rust and red lead-ing was the way of life in the CG. I did a lot of spray painting as a lock man for the Corps of Engineers. We used 10 gallon pots around the lock. What a grand way of slopping on lots of paint.

I like to paint, but with a brush. This is an art form that I am slowly learning. Years ago I read in some boating magazine that a right handed person should always paint around the boat from right to left. It has taken me years to fully realize how important this is. It really works better that way folks, believe me.

Here are a few tricks that I have learned the hard way. First, don't skimp on the brush. Spend a little more to get a better job. Take good care of the brush that cost all that money. I have learned to get better results from an old, well cared for brush than I ever get from a brand new brush. New brushes will shed bristles at first. It may have to be used a few times before this stops.

A good paint brush holds paint through capillary attraction. All the bristles lie parallel to each other and the spaces between them wick up paint. This also spreads paint out as it lets go of the paint. I have watched people trying to paint with a brush that is all flared out and it is a disaster, the brush simply doesn't hold much paint.

The worst thing that can be done to a paint brush is to allow the paint to harden up at the base of the bristles, this is what causes the flaring. A brush like that is best thrown away. Don't think about using it. Learning to clean the brush properly is a big part to doing good work. I often slop the brush in a can of mineral spirits a few times, squeezing it against the side of the can to remove most of the paint. If I plan to use the same color again soon I will simply hang the brush in the can with the bristles not touching the bottom. When I'm ready to use the brush again I usually take it outside and shake the residue out.

A fast sweeping motion will remove most of the remaining stuff. If I want to use the brush with a different color I will probably need to do this several times using clean thinner then wiping it dry with a clean rag.

I no longer dip my brush in the paint can, I use plastic tubs that come with food-stuffs in them. I find a tub that will hold all the paint with some splash room. I stir it thoroughly and pour in the whole can. I sometimes add a dash of mineral spirits to the bottom of the can and slosh it about then add that to the paint. This thins the paint so be careful. I usually thin used paint a little I think some of the thinner has evaporated in storage.

I clean the rim of the can completely and replace the cover. I no longer punch holes in the rim as I was taught in high school shop. This just allows air into the can so the remaining paint will surely skim over. When I'm done with a job the unused paint goes back into the can and the cover goes back into the cleaned channel and the cover is pressed firmly back into place.

I turn over the resealed paint can and shake it a little. Never, never shake a used can before opening it. This will probably result in a bunch of little flakes from the skin that might have formed in the partial can of paint. I have found that I can save paint for weeks or even months and not have it skin over doing his my way.

I generally try to use the largest brush that makes sense for the job I am doing. This is faster and I also seem to get a better job. When doing a boat bottom I usually spread paint on a section about a two to three times the width of the brush. I start laying on paint crossways to my planned travel. I will spread paint on this boat bottom from the centerline to the edge. I start at an end, bow or stern and spread the paint across this area. I then spread that paint lengthwise covering as far as it seems to go.

The next section is done similarly but my final strokes always brush toward the last section and each stroke gets lifted off before I finish the stroke. I work my way to the left repeating this procedure over and over until I reach the other end. As I start back on the other side I use the same technique but I must now carefully brush over the centerline also to fair up that edge. I don't try for a yacht finish, I am happy to get a really good workboat finish.

I have on occasion used a roller to get a good finish. This works really good with a helper. One person lays the paint on with a very short knapped roller or a foam one like we use for epoxy work. A 3"-4" roller works well for my small boats. The second person follows up with a foam brush and tips up any ridges and bubbles left from the roller. This takes a very light touch. I want to barely touch the surface with the foam brush and make long stroke following behind the roller guy. This takes practice but will result in a very nice finish, almost as good as a professional spray job.

When I varnish I cheat a little and use a foam brush. I use semi-gloss varnish and any blemes don't show. I don't even try to clean rollers or foam brushes. If I am planning to use them again soon I will put them into a plastic bag like a Ziploc and squeeze out all the air and seal it. This goes into the refrigerator. Sorry honey. Rollers go into a clean bread wrapper and again all the air get squeezed out and a rubber band forms a closer. This will save the them for a couple days but not much longer.



## From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

Fog drifted in across Shell Point in the early afternoon the other day. It had been a nice clear day for boating and then the visibility started dropping. There were patches where I could see a good distance and suddenly I could not see 100 feet. One day in June or July, many years ago when my wife and I were a "crash boat" for the Stephen C. Smith Regatta held off Shell Point each year, we were moving to re-position a racing mark when the visibility went to 20' (or so). One moment everything was in sight and the next the fog developed. I kept the boat on the compass course to where the mark should be and it appeared out of the fog. Twenty minutes (or so) later all was clear as if nothing had happened. The rest of the races were held in the usual Shell Point excellent conditions, but now and then we get a dense fog that simply stays put.

Most of our fogs come in off the Gulf and either burn off or move inland. Many years ago my father, a neighbor, and I were coming back to the launch ramp at Warner East Bayou on the south side of the Manatee River. We had been trout fishing in Terra Ceia Bay and it was getting towards early evening, time to get back to the launch ramp. After we had come through the cut between Snead Island and the mainland and were in the Manatee River, the visibility went to about 20' off the bow of the boat.

The compass had decided not to work earlier in the day so it was not of much help in maintaining a course across the river. We turned the boat around and went back to the mouth of the cut. At that point my father tied a line to a fender and tailed it over the stern. We then headed in the direction of the launch ramp on the other side of the river. By keeping the line (about 50') straight behind the boat he knew we were not going in circles. A great help was a house lit up for Christmas on the launch ramp side of the river. About halfway across the river the glow of their Christmas lights became visible. The closer we got, the brighter the lights. Between the line over the stern and the lights ahead we made it safely to the launch ramp. Two items I remember from that trip is the line over the stern and the need to carry a spare compass.

There is a set of definitions as to the density of fog. According to the meteorological optical range calculations, the density of the fog is determined by how far one can see horizontally. Dense Fog, less than 50 yards. Thick Fog, 50-200 yards. Moderate Fog, 200-500 yards. Light Fog, 500-1,000 yards. Thin Fog, 1/2-1nm. Haze, 1-2nm. Light Haze, 2-5.5nm. Clear, 5.5-11nm. Very Clear, 11-27nm.

Visibility is an interesting item for those on the water. Just how far one can see is determined by height of the eye, the height of any object that might be visible, and the atmospheric conditions. With "clear visibility" the distance to the horizon is determined by the height of the observer's eye using the formula:  $1.17 \times \text{the square root of height of eye} = \text{distance in nautical miles}$ .

As with my example of crossing the Manatee River, when looking for a lighted navigational aid the glow of a light may be

seen before the light itself becomes visible. It seems that white lights are seen sooner than green lights which are seen sooner than red lights. There is nothing more rewarding than seeing the light of the desired navigational aid coming over the horizon about where it was supposed to be after some hours of dead reckoning navigation across the Gulf of Mexico.

One trick that might be useful at some point when knowing the height of eye and having vertical room on the boat, is to note when the lighted aid is visible from the bridge (or other high point) and then step down a bit and see when the aid is again visible. Knowing the height of the aid and the height of eye at two positions on the boat, there are now two distances to the aid and a fair idea of how far away it is (the action is called "bobbing the light"). Taking a bearing on the light will provide a direction as well as an estimated distance off and an approximate idea of position on the water.

In clear visibility at night depth perception can be less than total. Add fog and things do get interesting. The distance to something seen in poor visibility may be obvious or the distance may be imagined. One time I was sailing for a navigational mark that came and went as the fog came and went. By luck the visibility came back just in time to miss the mark. It was a close encounter but not as close as friends who sideswiped the navigational aid they were sailing toward with significant damage to the finish on their boat.

When moving through a fog (or anchored) or during times of decreased visibility, a sound signal at stated intervals is supposed to be made. This is all well and good if the boat is large enough that the engine noise does not overwhelm all other sounds. For those who sail, paddle, or row any sounds in a fog will be heard. For those with a powerboat, hearing anything above the engine noise, even at idle, is quite another matter.

Of a further consideration is the speed of a powerboat at idle. Mine moves along at about 2 knots with the engine at idle speed. One is supposed to be able to stop or maneuver in half the visible distance when in an area of decreased visibility. Stopping would not be much of a problem, but at the slow speed maneuvering with my boat is not that quick.

I have always found many of the "boating rules" of interest in terms of their applicability to small boats. Many of the rules and regulations were written for steamships and large craft safety considerations where the lookout was removed from the engine noise and could hear another vessel's sound signal. On most boats around 26' and under the engine tends to be close by and a horn or bell will not be heard at any distance. Then there is the likely (but not probable) situation where the sound signal is made at the same time another boat is making their signal. They cannot be heard, nor can you because the signals cancel out each other. Hence you could be approaching each other in reduced visibility and not know it until the shape/lights appeared (which might be a little late).

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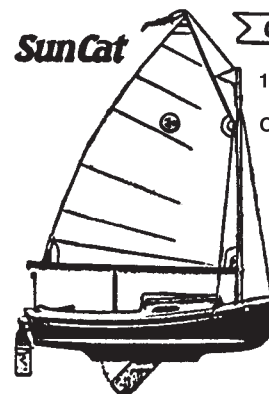
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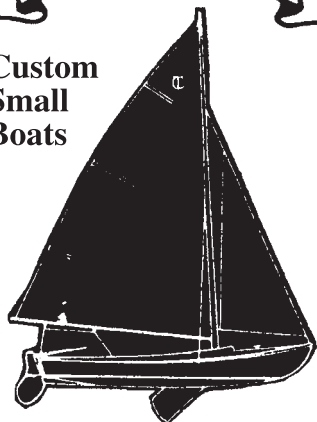
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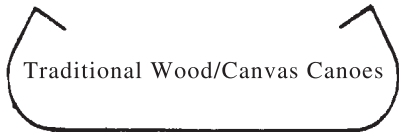
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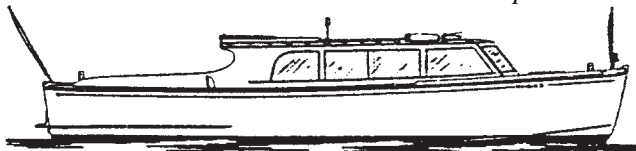


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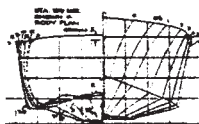
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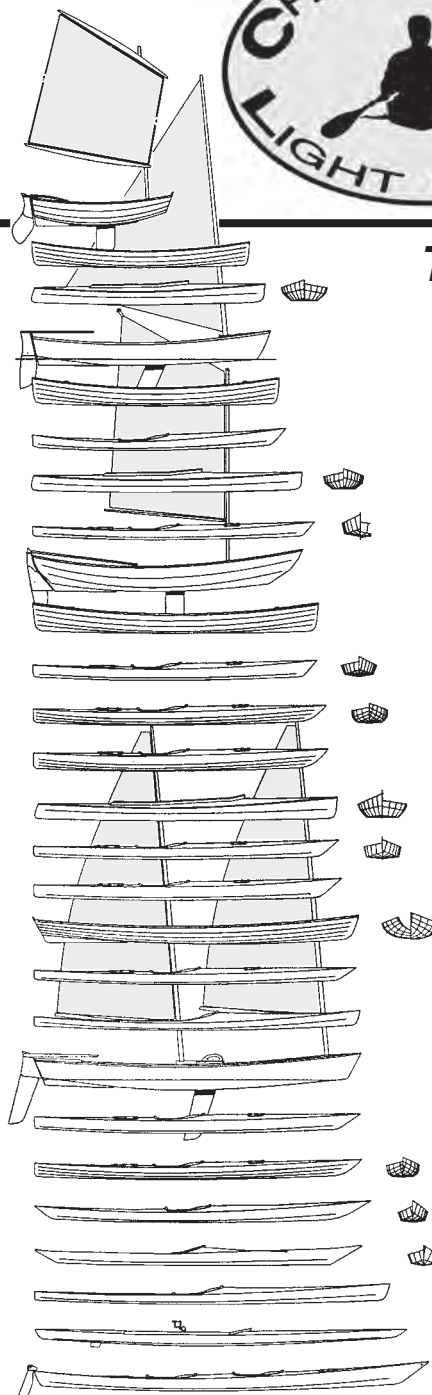
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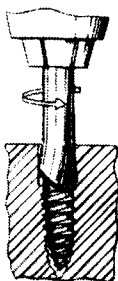
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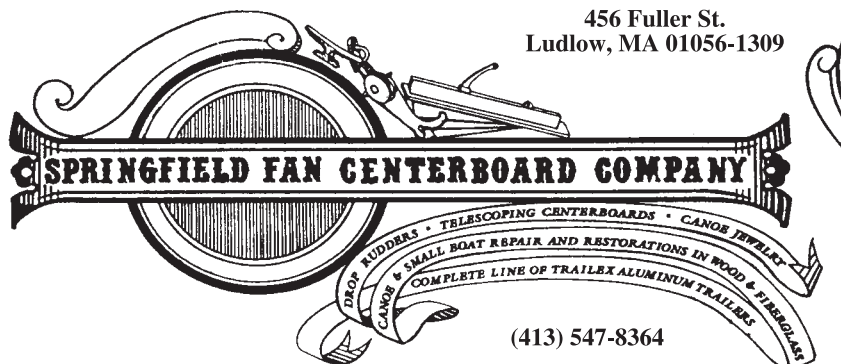
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## Illustrated Boats for Sale List (1903)

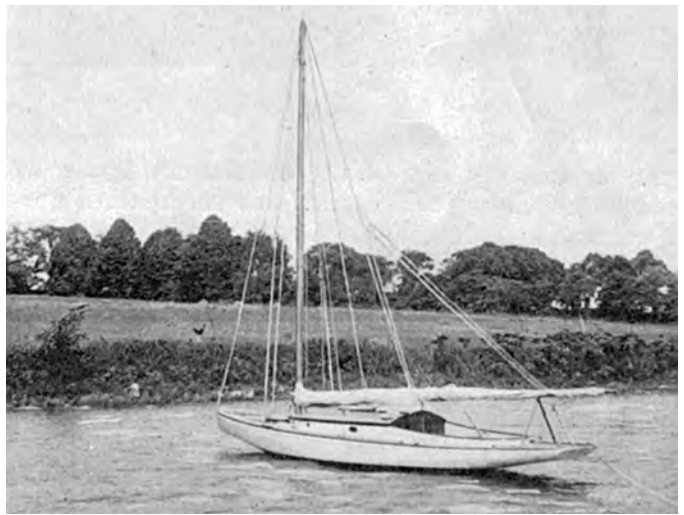
(These classified ads are reprinted verbatim text, column size, and photos from *The Rudder*, March 1903. I chose only the "small" boats advertised that long ago springtime. The largest boat (of several similar) on offer was a 152' steam yacht, price not posted in ad. A total of 57 pages of boats were advertised, typically three to four per page including pictures. I kinda liked the lecture the Editor leads off with to his apparently sometimes troublesome readers.)

The other day I saw an advertisement wherein a man who had lost an airship offered one hundred dollars for its recovery. It had wandered away eastward, so the notice said, having escaped by breaking its mooring. If we are coming to this I'm going to pick up my lines and back out. Just imagine my having to ascend to the task of introducing in this publication an illustrated list of air yachts. But that time is happily a long way to windward, so I guess we won't worry about getting it under the lee until we have weathered out, but trouble our pen with present and more important matters.

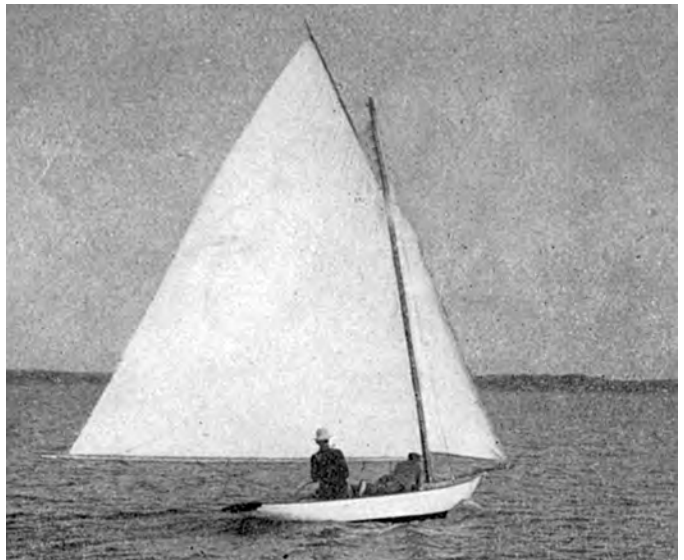
I warned you people some time back that we intended to draw things sharper this year, and to rigidly shut out the late ones. You have had plenty of time to get in your advertisements, and your not having done so is simply due to that spirit of procrastination which is inherent in nine-tenths of mankind. To those who are in, let me say that if you find any errors in your wording you can safely lay it to your indifferent writing, which frequently resembled the cryptographic inscriptions of a Maya tablet, and balked all the skill of our acute and patient efforts.

Another thing I would like you to understand is this, that this list is not inserted in the March issue for the purpose of making money for us. It is purely philanthropic, educational and ornamental-not mercenary-its object being to add interest and possibly beauty to the number and to assist yachters in their search for a suitable craft in which to prolong or commence their career of recreation and dissipation. It costs more to print than what you pay for it, but is well worth the extra expense, for it giveth great joy to thousands upon thousands.

I have just lightly glanced over the boats as they came in, and am willing to say that they are a prime lot, especially the sail craft, which are nearly all labeled as being suitable for conversion into auxiliaries. This seems to be the fate to which all sailing cruisers are destined. Much more could I discourse upon this subject, but don't let me hold you up like a querulous gossip at the very door of the banquet hall, but rather hasten your entrance to the enjoyment within. May you all find a craft to please your tastes, or a buyer who is willing to purchase; but above all do your trafficking openly and honestly, and deal gently with the greenhorn, for a bitten novice is apt to develop hydrophobia, and we want him to continue to desire water as a field upon which to sport and be happy. EDITOR.



No. 8216--The fast 21-footer Firefly, 36 feet 9 inches over all, 9 feet 2 inches beam and 4 feet draught; designed by W. Starling Burgess and built by David Fenton, of Manchester, in 1902. Construction is of the very best, copper fastenings, outside lead ballast, centerboard houses in keel, 4 feet 8 inches headroom in cabin. At present she has 693 sq. feet of sail, but can carry more if desired. Present owner has used her for cruising, but she has shown great speed. Inventory includes riding and sidelights, cabin lamps, two-burner Primus stove, cushions made by the Pneumatic Mattress Co., binnacle, water-closet, etc. She has a skiff and a 20-gallon water tank. The boat is now in the best of condition. Can be bought at a reasonable price. Apply to Hollis Burgess, 15 Exchange St., Boston, Mass.



No. 8249--This smart, handy little boat is for sale. Length over all 19 feet 6 inches, water line 14 feet, beam 4 feet 6 inches, draught 3 feet 9 inches. Keel, stern and sternposts Tobin bronze, frames and planking steel, deck pine, canvas-covered, ample cockpit, finished in quartered oak and water tight, hollow mast and boom, Carpenter's sails, steel standing rigging, bronze turnbuckles, bronze skeleton blocks, patent hoist, 700 lbs. lead outside, 100 lbs. lead inside. Racing length 15 feet 5 inches, but sails in the S.B.Y.C. 18-foot class, and won the Commodore's special and all first prizes season 1902. Built by Herreshoff on reduced Columbia lines. Condition A No. 1, non-capsizable, non-sinkable, does not leak a drop, and with care will last for years. Price \$185. T. E. Elliott, Newark, New York.



NO. 8213--Auxiliary sloop yacht Owl, 20 feet over all, 5 feet beam, Stephens' knockabout model. Double-skin pine and cedar with canvas between, steel centerboard, spar made to take down, 1-1/2 horse-power Truscott engine, speed with engine alone about 7 miles, brass rail fore and aft, folding anchor, tent to fasten to boom and cover cockpit, four large drawers under forward deck and locker aft. Two can sleep in cockpit. Three years old, in excellent condition. Always kept out of water and housed when not in use. Very seaworthy. Has been cruised over Lake Huron and Erie. Building larger boat only reason for selling. Price \$275. Address Dr. Carl Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.





No. 8279--For Sale--Gasoline launch Frolic; length over all 29 feet, length water line 25 feet, beam 7 feet, draught 28 inches. Framed in white oak, planked with cedar, ceiled throughout and finished in quartered oak and mahogany; equipped with 9 horse-power Craig engine, ignition from an Apple generator and storage battery; copper tank (80 gallons capacity). All engine fittings and trimmings throughout are bronze, nickel-plated. Inventory consists of oars, boat hook, lines, two anchors, hair cushions, carpets, and 12-foot cedar tender. Whole outfit new last year. For further particulars, address C. P. Fitch, Hartford, Conn.



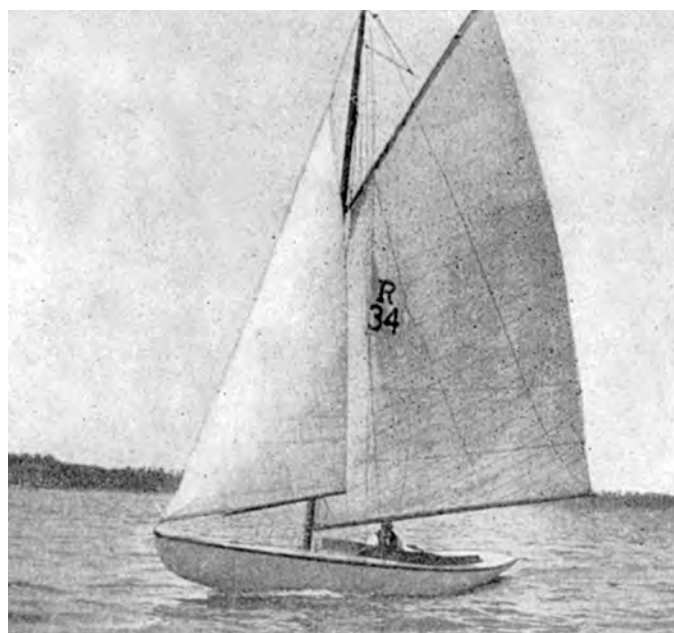
No. 8295--Alco-Vapor launch; 25 feet over all, 7 feet 6 inches beam; built in 1900 by Wyckoff Bros. & Taylor; 5 horse-power engine; speed 8 miles. Used but little. Cork cushions; tank carries over one barrel of kerosene. Very staunch and seaworthy; in first-class condition. Cost \$1,100, will sell for \$750. Address Drawer 23A, Middletown, Conn.



No. 8298-- Fast, able, fin-keel knockabout rig; 21 feet over all, 15 feet 3 inches load water line, 5 feet beam, 3 feet 9 inches draught. Cedar planking, oak timbers, a double deck, deck and cockpit clear white pine natural finish, balanced rudder, two suits of sails, one cross-cut, sail area 255 sq. feet; two water-tight bulkheads, one fore and one aft of cockpit. Absolutely non-sinkable if hatches are closed. Reason for selling, owner wants larger yacht. For further particulars, apply to H. N. Schickel, Box 703, Rudder Office.



No. 8283--For Sale--Modern centerboard catboat Bantam; 14 feet 6 inches load water line, 20 feet over all, 7 feet beam, 2 feet 3 inches draught; designed by Morgan Barney, built by B. Frank Wood, City Island. Has 480 lbs. outside lead ballast one racing suit of sails and one smaller suit. All her fittings are of oak. This boat is well built, copper fastened and is particularly adapted for a boy learning to sail, as she is non-capsizable and, having four tanks, is non-sinkable. For further particulars, address F. H. Page, 280 Broadway, New York.



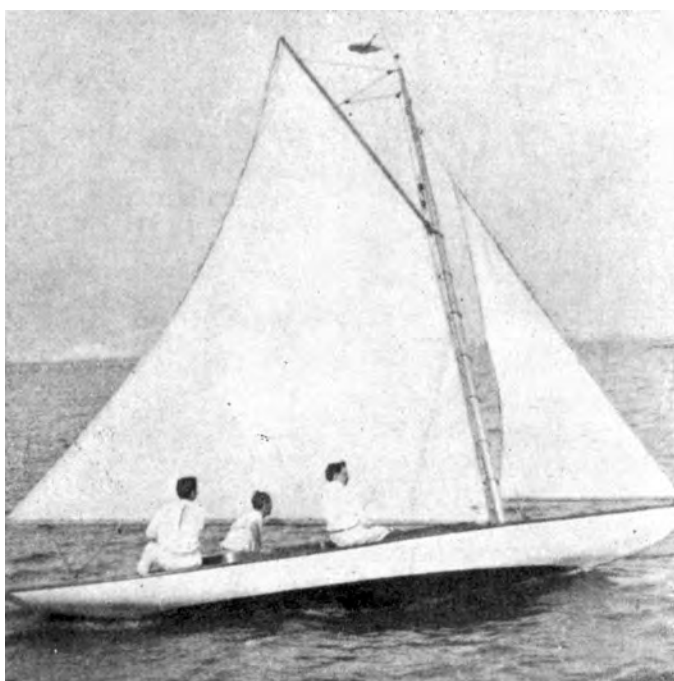
No. 8329--For Sale--Centerbowd knockabout Chipmunk; 18-foot class. Dimensions: 16 feet 6 inches water line, 23 feet over all, 2 feet 6 inches draught; built by Jacob in 1901. Ratsey's sails (new this season), hollow mast, lead keel (1,200 lbs.). Winner of five out of seven races sailed on Long Island Sound during the past season. Boat may be seen at Robert Jacob's Shipyard, City Island. Price \$500. Address Rudder Office, Box 12, for further particulars.



No. 8358--Boat Belle; 24 feet over all, 22 feet waterline, 10 feet 6 inches beam, 2 feet 6 inches draught--Cape Cod cat, built by Crosby, Osterville, Mass. Self-bailing cockpit, high freeboard, steers with wheel. New sail (mildewproof), old sail (in good order), new jib, awning, two anchors and ropes, sailing lights, ice-box, boom crotches, galvanized water-tank, pump, oars, etc., four handsome double plush hair cushions, pillows, blankets, brass swinging cabin light, Primus stove, dishes, etc., 8-foot dingey, rigging and boats in good order. Owner sells for larger boat. Price \$350. Boat care Thomas Wells, Stony Brook, LI or address Belle, 82 West 126<sup>th</sup> St., New York City.



No. 8368-- For Sale—At moderate cost, fast 21-foot raceabout Run-away Girl; 32 feet over all, 21 feet water line, 7 feet 6 inches beam, 5 feet 6 inches draught. Sails, spars and rigging in excellent shape. Boat in as good condition as when new; sound and a good sea boat, having sharp ends and so doing away with all pounding in a seaway. No better boat on the market to-day for a young man to learn to sail in, as the boat is perfectly safe and very easy to handle. For price and any further particulars, apply to Edwin A. Boardman, Naval Architect and Yacht Broker, 20 Central St., Boston, Mass.



No. 8361--For Sale--Half-rater Bug; 23 feet over all, 15 feet water line. Air-tight bulkheads in both ends, deck covered with seamless heavy duck, galvanized-iron Dagger centerboard, new cross-cut sails. This boat has been kept in good order and is very fast. Price \$150. Address William E. Heiser, 11 W. Pratt St., Baltimore, Md.



No. 8386--Raceabout Spree; 21 feet 6 inches over all, 15 feet water line, 8 feet beam, (draught board up about 14 inches; metal board. Built three years ago at Quincy Point, Boston. Frame white oak, cedar planked, (deck two thicknesses pine, lapped joints. Everything in good condition, except mainsail, which could be made to go through this season. New jib last year. Price rigged and put overboard or on cars at Providence, \$100, or with new mainsail, \$120. Price includes everything, with two anchors—one a mushroom. Fast and up-to-date. Address H. M. Grant, 10 Brighton St., Providence, R. I.



# CLASSIFIED MARKETPLACE

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DAVE PEACH, Marblehead, MA, (781) 631-5571 (4)



**18' Welin Lifeboat**, built '45 in Perth Amboy, NJ. 18ga galv steel hull, original wood interior seating w/8 galv floatation tanks under seating. Oak in/out-wales. No rot, no rust. Always stored inside. Galv tandem axle trlr. 9.9hp Johnson 25" shaft. \$2,800.

DANIEL LEE, Greensboro, NC, (336) 456-7666 (4)



**18' Simmons Sea Skiff**, built '01 of okoume plywood & epoxy, center consol steering, 25hp, Honda, trlr, bimini top, removable bench seat. Beautiful boat in vy gd cond. \$7,000.

BRIAN MCGOWAN, Orleans MA, (774) 722-0458, brianmcg07@gmail.com (4)

**'81 Sunfish**, needs a cleanup but in sound & serviceable cond. Mast, sail, rudder & cb all ok. Hull solid & blister-free. \$350, no trlr. MITCH HALPER, Delray Beach, FL, (561) 276-7770, or Savannah, GA, (912) 459-0500 (4)

**13' Sweet Dream Ultralite Solo Canoe**, built at WoodenBoat School under tutelage of designer Marc Pettingill. This boat has seen little use. Incl book w/all building information, now asking reduced price of \$999. **Mill Creek 13 Kayak**, well-known Chesapeake Light Craft design built in WoodenBoat School class with former CLC owner Chris Kulczycki. Incl instruction manuals, also little used. Asking \$1,300. Either boat delivered southern New England. KEN WEEKS, W Hartford, CT, (860) 521-2225, kww128@comcast.net (5)

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Mail to Boats, 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984, or e-mail to [maib.office@gmail.com](mailto:maib.office@gmail.com). No telephone ads please.



**Mini-Sandbagger**, strip plank built '04 by Mac McCarthy in Sarasota, FL of juniper & mahogany. FG & epoxy inside & out. Sloop rigged "gaffer" w/ hollow basswood spars. 11' LOD x14'6" LOA x5' Beam. One of a kind may be the last boat built by Mac. \$2,200 w/trlr in Port Charlotte, FL. HERRICK THOMPSON, Harbour Hts, FL, (941) 979-9368, woodwind7@comcast.net (5)

**25' Cape Dory**, '77, many upgrades, 4 new bunk cushions, head, galley, 9.9 ob, newer sails, rollerfurl genoa, full gear, gd cond. Summer price \$8,500, NOW \$7,025. Located Rockport, ME. MERVYN TAYLOR, Rockport, ME, (207) 763-3533, merv@tidewater.net (5)



**15'8" Scott Canoe**, square stern, green '05 Makobe model. Pd \$1,345 new, asking half, \$672. R. TURNER, 5 Birch Ln, Villa Grove, IL 61956, (217) 832-9724, jturner22vg@yahoo.com (5)



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**'81 Marshall Sandpiper**, Hull #541. Hurricane Charlie restoration project halted. Hull seaworthy & sound. Sails, spars, rigging & trlr incl. Poor cosmetically, looking for new owner to complete work & enjoy. \$2,500. DONALD PIGEON, New Port Richey, FL, (727) 376-7391, donpigeon@yahoo.com (5)

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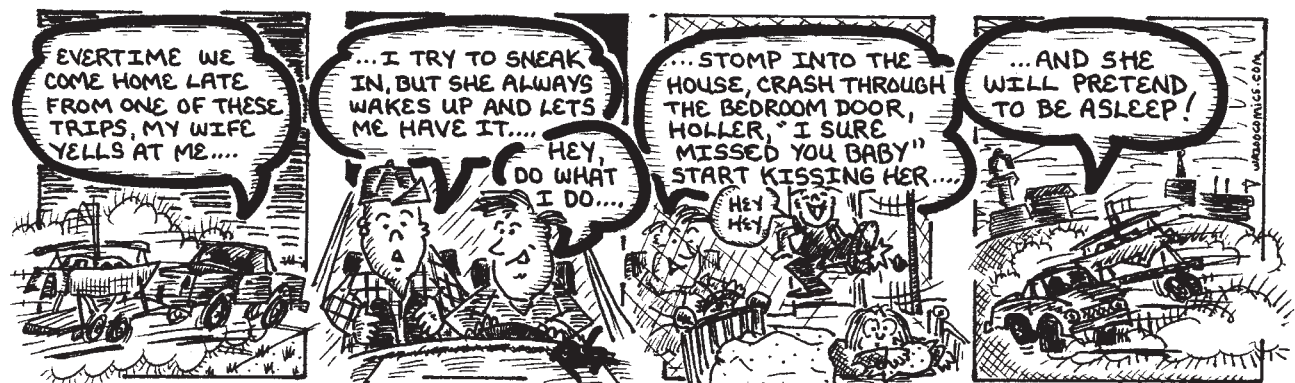
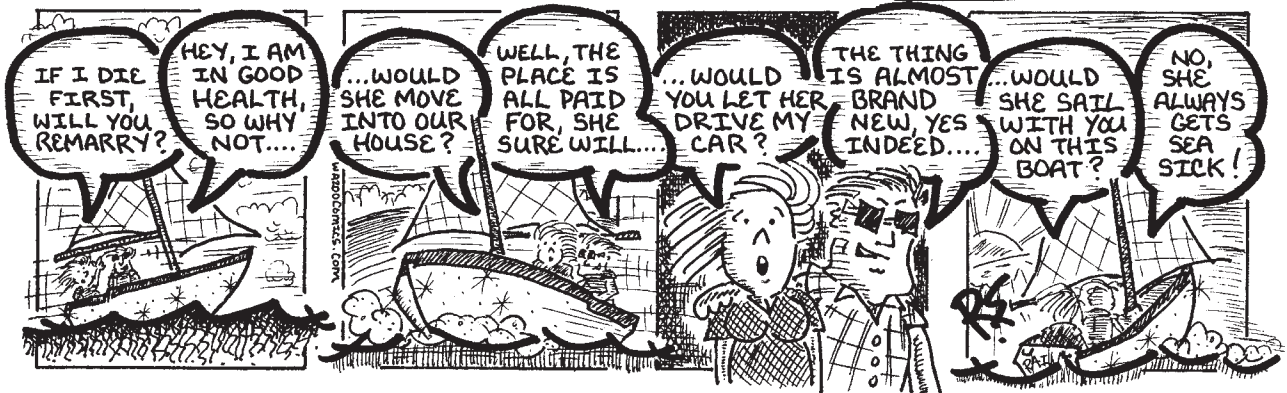
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Adirondack guide boats are light, fast and responsive. They're shaped like pure sculpture, and they're going to become far more popular shortly, mark my words. To many of us, they are simply the sweetest rowing craft around, and I've rowed a broad sampling of craft, from boxy paint floats and Avon Red Crests to Maine peapods, Whitehalls and wherries, to shells and working Grand Banks dories - plus a lot of boats I've forgotten.

I haven't forgotten a friend's Adirondack guide from years ago. These boats are not well known very far from upstate New York where they were developed by nobody-knows-who about 150 years ago. Locals in what was then really a wilderness crafted these boats-of-burden to haul "sports" into the wilds to hunt and fish. Wealthy city slickers had discovered the Adirondack Mountains as a place for manly recreation - but not too manly. They didn't want to row themselves around.

Built to easily haul two men....they take surprisingly little energy to row great distances. When solo and sitting still, take one strong stroke of a 70 lb. guide boat's bendy overlapping oars. The acceleration is startling, the speed attained surprising....the memory of my friend's guide boat prompted an abrupt U-turn while driving through Vermont recently. I'd spied a plain metal building by the side of the road with several guide boats out front.....(the article is continued on our website.)

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